Gen James A. Beaver

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YOUNG MAN KILLED; MISTAKEN FOR DEER

Herbert E. Shaffer, of Mifflinburg, Shot by Companion.

FORMERLY OF NITTANY

Son of William E. Shaffer and Grandson of Benjamin Shaffer—Rifle Ball Penetrated Abdomen and Death Came Few Minutes Later.

A particularly sad shooting accident among a party of hunters about seven miles from Mifflinburg last Saturday morning resulted in the almost instant death of Herbert E. Shaffer, a former Centre County boy. Mistaking young Shaffer for a deer, a companion, James Culp, fired blindly into a clump of brush. With a scream young Shaffer staggered into the open, flung out his arms and dropped in his tracks. The rifle ball had penetrated his abdomen and his death resulted twenty minutes later from internal hemorrhages. The unfortunate young man was 22 years old. He was a nephew of L. A. Shaffer, of Bellefonte, and a son of William E. Shaffer, who lived at Nittany until five or six years ago, when he removed to Mifflinburg.

The boy's grand-father, Benjamin F. Shaffer, still resides at Nittany.

The hunting party, twelve in number left Mifflinburg early Saturday morning and began their day's hunt from the camp located on the side of the mountain. The men spread out and young Shaffer and Culp worked together. When they had made their way along the mountain-side Culp discovered imprints of a big buck's hoof and called Shaffer to the spot and the two stopped and made an examination. Shaffer left suddenly and walked into the woods twenty or thirty feet away and disappeared. Culp remained where the track had been found and completed his efforts to find other tracks. He had forgotten about Shaffer leaving the scene, so interested had he become.

The freshness of the hoof prints indicated that the deer had passed that way but a short time previous. Suddenly Culp was surprised to hear the crackling of brush and deadwood in the forest and grasping his gun, waited a moment and then the instrument of death spoke. In its wake there came a scream. A few seconds later young Shaffer staggered into the open stretch and sobbed, "My God, Jim, you've shot me." His face was bloodless and his hands were tightly clasped over his abdomen, futilely endeavoring to quench the fiery pain within his torn body.

Culp stood looking on in horror and, almost crazed with fright, ran forward to help his unintentional victim. The shot had brought the other members of the party from other parts of the woods. After Shaffer had staggered about seeking to find some manner of easing his terrible agony, his father and brother came upon the scene. The brother ran to the wounded man and caught him in his arms before he fell, and carried the young hunter to a mossy-covered section of ground and laid him down.

An investigation of the victim's wounds was quickly made and several others of the party ran to the Forrest house, which is not far distant, where they secured a team to take the wounded man to Mifflinburg, where the nearest physician is located.

The scarlet hat and coat were laid off young Shaffer for the last time and the grief-stricken father readily recognized from the nature of the wounds that his boy could not live. The bullet had entered the left arm above the wrist, passed through and forced its way in and out of a cartridge belt and finally entered the abdomen. The left abdominal wall was rent apart, the path of the bullet tearing and ripping open the bowels. The wound bled but little outwardly, and Shaffer's death is attributed to internal hemorrhages. After he uttered his cry of distress to Culp he did not speak again. With his head pillowed on his father's knee and his brother's arms about him, young Shaffer breathed his last, just twenty minutes after the shooting. Men with the team ready to start for Mifflinburg, were halted and the wagon was used to convey the body to Mifflinburg.

Culp, who fired the fatal shot, is regarded as a careful huntsman and has been a member of the same party for many years when the annual hunt is taken. He has always been cautious and very accurate as to what move he made in all his trips with the party.

Engineer L. R. Robb, of Altoona, a brother-in-law of young Shaffer, was one of the first upon the scene. The Altoonan had been with the party for several days. The nine remaining members of the party were completely broken up after the sad accident and Robb returned to Altoona Saturday afternoon to inform his wife, who is Shaffer's sister, of the sad affair. The mother of the deceased hunter was told of the accident and lapsed into a semi-conscious state. Her condition was so serious that she was not informed of the boy's death until the following day.

COUNCIL IN SESSION

Borough Council Cleaning up Business Before Retiring.

Last Monday night's meeting of the borough Council had several incidents to indicate that the present board are endeavoring to clean up all unfinished business before the new Council organizes. President Keller designated the Finance Committee a special committee to confer with the County Commissioners relative to an amicable adjustment in the the matter of the cost of the High Street bridge. A year or more ago Council adopted a resolution agreeing to pay $1500 as the borough's share of the expense, but the County Commissioners took the ground that this was inadequate. Recently the Commissioners suggested that a conference be held to adjust the matter. President Keller advised the special committee to enter into the conference with a spirit of fairness, saying that the Commissioners had treated the borough with generous consideration. He urged that the differences be adjusted without litigation if at all possible.

Borough Solicitor Mitchell explained to Council that all deeds, releases, etc., had been placed in readiness for the formal transfer of the Green mill property to the Moshannon Electric Co. on Tuesday. To pave the way for the transfer Council directed that an order for $1110.69 be drawn in favor of F. W. Crider to cover the balance due on mortgage on the mill property, interest, costs of satisfaction, etc.

On motion of Councilman Walker the customary exoneration of water tax on the main building of the Y. M. C. A. was allowed. Council ordered that notices be sent to several property owners for immediate repairs to sidewalks.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to Simon Cipprish, 94 acres in Snow Shoe Twp. $846.90.

Amos Garbrick to Bellefonte Central R. R., tract of land in Spring Twp. $525.

Annie M. Howard et bar to Samuel R. Howard, tract of land in Taylor Twp. $25.

Clara Fredricey et bar to Manassas Gilbert, premises in Aaronsburg. $175.

Agnes Corman et al Admrs. to Harry E. Miller, 123 acres in Miles Twp. $3600.

F. P. Llewellyn et ux to William H. Beck, tract of land in State College. $350.

William H. Beck et ux to Charles F. Noll, tract of land in State College. $500.

Jacob S. Sherick et al to Christian Bower, tract of land in Howard Twp. $1500.

Frank P. Blair et ux to James E. Houtz, tract of land in Halfmoon Twp. $900.

F. P. Musser Admr. to W. F. Colyer, tract of land in Penn Twp. $58.24.

W. F. Colyer to A. Walter, tract of land in Penn Twp. $300.

James J. Shannon to Frank T. Chase, tract of land in Philipsburg. $1000.

Washington E. Hall to Annita H. Minuth, 9 tracts of land in Burnside and other Twps. $100.

Shot in the Leg

The Tyrone Herald, of last Thursday, published The following in regard to Andrew Knisely, a former Bellefonte boy: This morning Charley Getz, the Pennsylvania avenue butcher, and Andy Knisely, the restauranter and ice cream dealer, went hunting. The two became separated and game seemed rather plentiful, when a big rabbit jumped, Mr. Getz raised his gun and fired, crippling the rabbit and Mr. Knisely who was standing nearby. Both men were badly frightened and hastened at once in Mr. Getz's car to Dr. Glasgow's office where six small shot were removed from the calf of Mr. Knisely's leg. The accident is not a serious one and the wounded man is getting along splendidly.

Deer Question Settled.

If a man kills a deer in season it is his property, and he may enter suit against anyone who takes it. This is advice given to a Cumberland county man who claimed that he had shot a deer on a state reserve this week and that it had been taken away from him by two men larger than he.

FIRST REMONSTRANCE IS FILED FROM MILESBURG

Petition Contains Signatures of 79 Persons.

34 THOSE OF WOMEN

Committees Canvassing Here for Signatures to Remonstrances Against Every License in Borough—Going After Entire County.

The first remonstrance against liquor license in the movement which is to embrace the entire county was filed with the court this week. It was a remonstrance against renewing the license of Henry J. Kohlbecker, at Milesburg. In the next week numerous other remonstrances will be filed against all licenses in Bellefonte and other parts of Centre County.

The remonstrance from Milesburg alleges that the license should not be granted on the ground that liquor has been sold to persons of intemperate habits, also that a license is not necessary. There follows this appeal to Judge Orvis:

"We therefore in the interest of the citizens of the neighborhood and the county in general respectfully ask your honor to refuse a license to the said Henry J. Kohlbecker."

The remonstrance bears 79 signatures, 34 being those of women.

Committees are now engaged in a house-to-house canvass of Bellefonte to obtain signers to remonstrances against all licenses in the borough. Under a rule of court, all remonstrances must be filed not later than five days before the date of hearings, Saturday, December 13th. Originally the time limit was ten days in advance of the hearing, but a subsequent rule of court changed this to five days.

It is understood that the W. C. T. U. is arranging to have mailed into Bellefonte copies of an Ohio newspaper containing articles giving the names of signers to license applications here. A similar course was pursued in Philipsburg and several other towns one year ago.

TYRONE BAND COMING

To Appear at Gymnasium Extension Opening Tomorrow Night.

The Pennsylvania Railroad band from Tyrone is scheduled to play tomorrow night at the formal opening of the gymnasium extension at the Y. M. C. A. There will be various features during the evening, including an exhibition of canoe tilting, swimming, etc.

There will also be a basketball game between the Tyrone and Academy teams During the evening the Ladies Auxiliary will hold a special sale of Japanese articles and hand-painted pictures, ranging in price from 16c. and upward.

Football Saturday.

On Saturday, next, at 2.30 o'clock, the Bellefonte Academy football eleven will play the Wyoming Seminary team, and it will be not only a big game but the last of the season for the Academy on the home grounds. Judged by the scores of these two teams they are probably more evenly matched than any other two elevens in this section, so that a hard, fast game is expected. The Academy has been strengthened by the addition of Long, who enrolled as a student two days after the game of two weeks ago was scheduled with Kiski. He was therefore not eligible to play in that game but was in the line-up against the Penn State freshman team last Saturday. The game attracted the largest crowd of the season, the Penn State team being accompanied by a delegation of several hundred, with a brass band. The field was too muddy for either team to play up to standard, but the Academy was able to win out, 19—6. The game was hotly contested from start to finish, the last ten minutes of play being so late that the field was almost dark and spectators could hardly distinguish the players. On Thanksgiving Day the Academy will have a prize trip, in the shape of a game with the Binghamton, New York, High School eleven. Several Binghamton boys are students at the Academy and through the parents of one of the number the game was arranged. Such a trip necessitated the putting up of a large guarantee by Binghamton, but this was done nevertheless and the Academy will play its first game in that section.

Business Change.

The grocery firm of Morris & Sheffer was formally dissolved on Tuesday. Paul D. Sheffer retired from the firm. The business will be conducted in the future by Robert Morris.

HUNTERS MYSTIFIED

Not One Buck Deer Seen Thus Far in Mountains Near Port Matilda.

Hunters who have been scouring the mountains nearby Port Matilda are mystified over the fact that thus far they have not seen a single buck deer. They have come across any number of does and fawns, but the bucks seem to have disappeared. They are unable to account for this unusual situation.

In the Seven Mountains various hunting parties have had good luck in bagging bucks. The Bradford party, from Centre Hall, reported five fine bucks hanging at their camp.

Mrs. Susanna Wagner Dead.

Following an illness of five weeks and two days, Mrs. Susanna Wagner died at her late home in Milesburg, at 11.15 o'clock on the night of Thursday, November 13th. Her death removes from that community one of its oldest and best known and most universally liked residents. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock, interment being made in the Union cemetery at Bellefonte. Deceased at the time of her death was aged 88 years, 9 months and 12 days. A daughter of Johannes Hahn, she was born in Logan township, at that time a part of Centre County but now in Clinton County. She was married to John M. Wagner on January 1st, 1849, and made her home in Milesburg for many years. She was an active, earnest member of the Presbyterian church and was a devoted mother and kindly neighbor. Surviving to mourn her passing away are these children: Mrs. John M. Keichline and Mrs. P. F. Keichline, of Bellefonte; J. C. Wagner, of Barnesboro; Mrs. James Weaver, of Milesburg; Mrs. L. L. Wallace, of Bellefonte, and Miss Ellen Wagner, of Milesburg. One brother also survives: David Hahn, of Greenburr, Clinton County.

Jacob Bechtel Dead.

Jacob Bechtel, a well known resident of near Mackeyville, died in the hospital at Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday night of last week. He had enjoyed good health until a short time ago when he was taken ill with bladder trouble. After a brief [illegible] at the Lock Haven hospital he concluded to undergo an operation in the Buffalo hospital, which was performed on the day prior to his death. Funeral services were held at Mackeyville on Sunday afternoon. Deceased is survived by one son, Charles Bechtel, of Johnstown, and these daughters: Mrs. J. F. Fortney, of Mackeyville; Mrs. Jacob H. Keller, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Bertha Smith, of Blackwood, N. J., and Mrs. Adam Nye, of Bainbridge, Lancaster County.

W. H. Philips Dead.

William H. Philips, of Aaronsburg, died suddenly on Tuesday evening of last week. He had been in Clarence Musser's barber shop and about 8.30 o'clock started to walk into the street. Just as he reached the door he dropped to the floor. He died instantly, his death being due to heart failure. Deceased was aged 67 years and was a former merchant of Aaronsburg. He was a stockholder and director of the Farmers National Bank, of Millheim, and was a member of the Reformed church. He was twice married. His second wife and a daughter, Mrs. Elsie McKay, of Philadelphia, survive. Funeral services were held on Saturday, interment being made at Aaronsburg.

John M. Markley Dead.

John M. Markley, a resident of South Philipsburg and a well known Civil war veteran, died early last Thursday morning as a result of a stroke of paralysis suffered on the previous Monday. He was a native of Bald Eagle valley and was born October 2, 1837. On February 22, 1865, he was married to Miss Susan Spitler, who survives with these children: William, of Williamsport; Mrs. Nancy Watson, of Snow Shoe; Vinton B., of Houtzdale; Mrs. Gertie Bordman, of Madera, and Mrs. Alice Little, of Nanty-Glo. During the Civil war Mr. Markley served with distinction and bravery in defense of the Union. He was a man who possessed many splendid qualities and by those who knew him well he was held in high esteem.

Mrs. J. B. Furst Dead.

Mrs. Ella H. Furst, wife of Joseph B. Furst, died from heart failure at her late home at Flemington on Sunday morning, last. Her passing away was sudden and entirely unexpected. Deceased was the daughter of Giles Winne and Frances Johnson Halenbake and was born at Queen's Run. She was long an active, earnest member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Surviving are her husband and one daughter, Miss Anne, at home, also one son, Shuman. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock.

COST YOUNG MAN $7.50 TO SMOKE CIGARETTE

Or Rather His Relatives Paid $5 Fine and $2.50 Costs.

TO ENFORCE NEW LAW

Young Men About Town Cautioned to be on Look-out for Officers Who Have Orders to Arrest Cigarrette Smokers Under 21 Years.

It cost a Bellefonte young man $7.50 for violation of the anti-cigarette law one day this week. Rather, it didn't cost him the money, for being but 17 years old he naturally didn't have that amount in his pocket when he was arrested by Constable Horace Musser while in the act of smoking a cigarette. Furthermore, officers are now on the watch for violations by other boys under 21 years of age.

The young man arrested this week was taken before Squire W. H. Musser. He made no attempt to deny having been caught while smoking a cigarette. He said that he had heard something about it being a violation of the law. The Squire imposed the $5 fine provided by the new law, and the costs amounted to $2.50, making a total of $7.50. Rather than ask his mother for the $7.50 the young man bravely said he preferred going to jail. District Attorney Fortney happened into Squire Musser's office. He interested himself in the case, agreeing with the Squire that the young man should not go to jail if it could be helped. Mr. Fortney visited a relative of the young man and received a check for the $7.50 and the youthful offender was discharged, but not without first receiving a severe lecture from Squire Musser.

Watch for These Fakirs.

Parents of school children in Centre County are cautioned against the scheme of four fakirs, who recently were driven out of Altoona. The Altoona "Mirror" says:

Four men who have been canvassing the town for the past few days, stating they were going to organize a School Progress League were arrested in different parts of the city about noon today and this afternoon brought before Mayor Walker on charges of selling without a license and obtaining money by false representation.

It appears that the canvassing crew went to the homes, told the women that the schools were interested in forming the league which was to promote the moral and educational welfare of the children and then collected $1.50 for a year's subscription to a magazine and a cheap button to be worn by the children.

Mayor Walker agreed to dismiss the case if the four would leave the city on the next train, to which they agreed. The men arrested gave the names of R. C. Casselberry, W. J. Galerno, F. D. Pattis and Theodore J. Stilling.

May Pay for Cattle.

The Attorney General's Department at Harrisburg has formally advised Auditor General Powell that he may pay appropriations of $300,000 for the reimbursement of owners of cattle which were killed because of disease and for the suppression of cattle diseases; $50,000 for the purchase of forestry reserve lands, and $100,000 for encouragement of agricultural exhibitions. These items were included in the general appropriation bill passed by the last Legislature but had been held up by the Auditor General on technicalities.

Ed. Rine Injured.

Edward E. Rine, Adams Express Co. agent at Tyrone, and a former Bellefonte boy, had his right leg caught between two heavy boxes one day last week and sustained painful contusions. He paid no attention to the injured leg for a day or two, when he began to suffer considerable pain. A physician was then called in and he ordered Ed. to move about on crutches for the next two weeks.

Child Found Dead.

Jeanette Virginia Craig, the 9-weeks old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Craig, was found dead on Sunday morning, last, at 7 o'clock, at the parents' home at Creighton, Pa. The infant's mother was formerly Miss Grace Steele, daughter of Mrs. William Steele, of Bellefonte. Mrs. Steele and daughter, Olive, attended the funeral.

Supper at Port Matilda.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Port Matilda will hold a supper in the basement of the church on Thanksgiving evening. Everybody come and enjoy a good supper, as well as an evening of pleasure with your friends. Proceeds for the new church fund.

NO NATURALIZATIONS

Two Applicants Appeared but Both Held Over for Cause.

Judge Orvis presided over a brief session of naturalization court on Tuesday, but two applicants appearing and both failing to get the desired papers. The two applicants will probably have their wish gratified at some later date.

John Baranyak, a Hungarian, from Moshannon, had his application in proper form but lacked several necessary witnesses who reside in distant parts of the State. The expense of bringing these witnesses here would have amounted to more than taking out new papers, and the latter plan was advised. It will be two years more, however, before Baranyak can be naturalized.

When John Danita, an Austrian, from Clarence, was examined as to his qualifications he became nervous and as a result was unable to answer most of the questions submitted by a government agent. About as far as he could get was a statement that our laws are made by the Governor. He was unable to tell anything about the constitution. Danita is a farmer and bears a good reputation. At the suggestion of the government agent his application was held over for another examination next June.

POLITICIAN A SUICIDE

John D. Paine, Lycoming County Republican Chairman, Hangs Himself.

Desponden tover business worries, John D. Paine, of Williamsport, chairman of the Lycoming County Republican Committee, on Monday afternoon committed suicide by hanging himself in the cellar of his home. He was 45 years old and unmarried. For his sister, with whom he resided, he left this note on a sitting room table, and which she found on returning home from a dinner party:

"Do not stay in the house. Go get help. They will find me in the attic or the cellar."

When Paine's sister read the note she fainted. A policeman was summoned and he found Paine's body hanging to a rafter in the cellar. He had been dead several hours.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

James E. Fleisher, Frances J. Swisher,	Fleming "
Isaac R. Martin, Susan V. Pletcher,	Lancaster Howard
John T. Stimer, Luthora V. Reese,	Port Matilda "
Irvin P. Mulberger, Ruth A. Tresser,	Bellefonte "
Harry H. Guyer, Olive A. Swisher,	Julian "
John H. Dangherty, Vernia Price,	Winslow, Arizona Snow Shoe
Ambrose Lyons, Mary E. Bryan,	Zion Bellefonte
Andy Sallis, Mary Angyal,	Clarence "
Allen Andrews, Mary E. Wilson,	Tyrone Julian

To Have Hearing Today.

A continued hearing is scheduled for today before Squire Musser, the result of an action brought against the poor overseers of Huston Township by John Bruss, of Unionville. The case involves costs for the care of an aged lady. A hearing was scheduled for yesterday but Mr. Bruss failed to appear. Because of this counsel for the defendants insisted on their discharge and the costs placed on Mr. Bruss, but Squire Musser ordered the hearing continued until today. Counsel for the defendants left the room declaring that they would not appear today. Mr. Bruss subsequently explained that he had not appeared because he had not been advised of the time for the hearing.

Passed Bad Checks.

J. S. Sayers, a student at State College, was last week arrested and held under $300 bail charged with having passed worthless checks on State College merchants amounting to about $100. After his arrest Sayres first denied the charge, then entered a plea of guilty and finally changed his plea to not guilty. The case may be settled.

Smallpox Prevalent.

Quite a number of cases of smallpox have developed at Huntingdon. Four new cases were discovered there last Saturday. WarriorsMark also reports a case. The patient is Prof. Philip Hoff, principal of the WarriorsMark schools. The schools there have been closed and Prof. Hoff's home quarantined.

Monday Morning Wedding.

Henry H. Guyer and Miss Olive A. Swisher, both of Julian, were married by Squire W. H. Musser in his office in Bellefonte on Monday morning.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

Last year Earl Barnes wrote a book entitled "Woman in Modern Society." He writes as follows in regard to the woman who does not want to vote:

"It is often claimed that women do not want to vote; and of course there are many who do not care to assume such arduous and often difficult duties, if they can avoid it. The same holds true of many intelligent, but selfish men who desire the advantages of good government without its burdens. All such must be urged to do their duty to the State. Those who have visions and a large sense of duty can be trusted to do their fair part in caring for the public welfare. Those who wish to enjoy the benefits of peace and settled government, participating in the advantages of education, engaging in business, and having ther persons and property protected, without sharing the burdens of government, should be forced to play their part.

"If a woman should board a street car today, and, when asked for her fare, should hide her face with womanly modesty and declare that she did not wish to be involved in such public matters, but preferred that the man swinging on the strap before her should pay, she would be informed that all who use the cars must pay for their maintenance. Women in America now have more than their share of education and leisure. If they do not wish to pay their fair proportion of service, they should withdraw from the high schools and colleges, from literature and music, from offices and factories, and not crowd into places where they are unwilling to play the game. The woman who leads the movement against equal suffrage in England has made a fortune in the open market as a writer, protected by the national copyrights; she maintains a house where she is protectin person and property by the city of London, the oganization and administration of which calls for the constant attention of all intelligent citizens; and yet she urges women to take what they can get but to refrain from doing their fair share of the city and national housekeeping, lest they lose their feminine charm. Surely those who profit by goverment should give their share of service. It is idle to claim that equal suffrage will make no change in women. It will certainly accentuate the changes already made by higher education and a freer business life. Some loss there must inevitably be in any such far-reaching change. We shall lose something in the present transition. We must even be content to lose the languishing and weeping lady of chivalry, and the coquetting, crocheting and confiding maiden of the eighteenth century if we gain in return fair-minded comrades in daily living, devoted partners in family life, and strong, intelligent mothers for the coming generation. The sex instinct needs no fostering; it has led us to our best developments in civilization; and its work has only begun."

If Mr. Barnes had said that some women in America now have more than their share of education and leisure, he would have more nearly spoken the truth, but so general a statement is hardly fair. There are about 8,000,000 working women, and they are such strenuous workers that with a large percentage of them a little bit of leisure has become a highly prized luxury. As for education, whose part is it to decide what woman's share of it is? Is not every individual entitled to as broad an education as he or she may be able to acquire legitimately? It is only fair to women to say that if they had not been crowded out of homes, they would not have been compelled to crowd into public life.

Speaking hopefully of marriage, he says:

"Men and women must live and work together in the domestic unit, and they cannot do the same things. Nature has specialized their functions and each must supplement the other. Even in Germany the Hausfrau is not going back to an exclusive service of children, cooking and church; nor in America will man continue to be merely the breadwinner and the father of children. With the enlightenment that is on the way, we shall see that husband and wife can have no antagonistic differences. Each profits in all that really benefits the other; and slowly we shall shape a new institution based on absolute equality and at the same time on complemetary service.

The realization of romantic love under conditions of domesticity is necessary for men and women, and for the well-being of the race. Our present marriage system is defective and needs to be corrected through the creation of a eugenic conscience. It should be taken out of the hands of the church and made more difficult by the state."

If it were only possible to get the following warning into the hands of every girl in this land, it might be the means of saving every one of them from a horrible fate. What would be the matter with woman's Uncle Sam doing something to make good that boasted protection (?) for her on which he prides himself? He is carrying on a voluminous correspondence with the woman in the rural districts, asking her how his Department of Agriculture can be of most benefit to her. All such aids are suspiciously like sops. He has classified the rural woman and all other women with the incompetents who must either be grudgingly provided for by charitable institutions or give their labor in exchange for a bare livelihood. To man, for his protection, he has given a voice in law-making. Woman, he has deprived of this meaxs. Will he spend any of the money which these incompetents are putting into his treasury to sound a general warning such as that before, so as to afford in small measure that protection which he now leaves to such organizations as The Travellers' Aid Society and the local clubs formed by women? No, indeed! But one thing he will have to do shortly, —place woman where she can protect herself. To be sure he makes laws to apprehend the trafficker in womanhood, and if the offender is caught, the law can be made to work if there is not too much political influence and money "somewhere in the background," but women must be protected by having the means of protection in their own hands.

DANGER AHEAD.

The purpose of this article is to sound a national alarm. A letter has just reached me from a well-known writer in SanFrancisco, saying:

"We are having a frightful struggle here. The 'Barbary Coast' has not been abolished as has been reported. Moreover, preparations are now being made to convert our beautiful ocean beach into a vice resort on a large scale. The latest report is to the effect that thousands of girls are to be shipped from Eastern cities for vice houses at the Wold's Fair grounds. We are told that this has always been the case in every World's Fair! To this we reply that no other exposition has been held in a city where women had the vote, and we are laying our plans to defeat this infamous traffic."

The women of California's have done good work in using their votes against vice and corruption in the short time they have been enfranchised, and they have had the support of the best manhood of the State. But apparently they are now in a difficult position. There is much talk throughout the United States about financial depression; a disposition has already been shown by the country not to co-operate financially in the plans of the next world's Fair. "Business interests" even more emphatically than usual demand a flourishing vice trade. Generally speaking, the men concerned with the World's Fair will see to it that the business interests are protected, and in the main, women must make it their concern to protect young girls from this infamous line and to uproot and keep out the dens of vice. If the women succeed, it will be against great odds, for, while they have the vote, the men also have it, and the machinery for getting out the men's vote is more perfect than that of the women can possibly be in the short time since they have been enfranchised.

But let it not be thought for one moment that this is California problem alone. The girls for the World's Fair vice dens will be recruited from every State in the Union. The patrons of these resorts want choice daughters for their pleasure. The more youthful, the more beautiful, the more innocent and unspoiled the girl, the greater is the danger that she will be kidnapped and shipped to the "Barbary Coast."

This is a matter of vital interest to every woman in the land, whether she is a suffragist or anti or indifferent. That California women, with the power of the vote to enforce their wishes, are in infinitely stronger position in this matter, goes without saying. It is also self-evident that if the women of the whole United States were enfranchised, the girl of every State in the Union would not be in such deadly peril. If you question this at all, see a forthcoming article in this space called Two Crib Houses.

The is a national peril, infamous and deadly. Will you use it as an argument for votes for women? Will you make it your busines to show this article to at least one other woman? Will you tell her to watch this column for news of the World's Fair vice dens?

AGNES E. RYAN.

Suffrage for women has at last been been endorsed by the Penna. State Federation of Womens' Clubs. Resolutions to that effect were made at its meeting last month. The Federation did not seem to acquire sufficient courage for this move until after the Legislature had acted favorably on it. One who attended the meetings has made the statement that the suffragists sold their literature but the "antis" had to beg people to take theirs away.

It is a most pleasing thing to read that the wife of the new Mayor of New York City is a suffragist. It will be recalled that Mayor Gaynor was discourteous to a deputation of suffragists who waited upon him at one time, and that he made some coarse remarks at times concerning them. Through Boss Murphy, Tammany has received a black eye, and Sulzer, who was dethroned from the Governorship of New York has been sent to the Legislature by the Progressive party, whether justly so or not. He certainly did not appear to advantage when offered the opportunity to make his defense. It may be safe to predict that the New York suffragists will be in a fair way to advance the cause under these new conditions.

In the case of Mrs. Pankhurst, President Wilson proved himself to be both the "gentleman and the scholar." The so-called "authorties" who undertook to deport her are certainly not fit persons to be in authority, as is clearly shown by their odious discriminations against a woman, and it is to be hoped they will feel justly criticised and rebuked by President Wilson's attitude. Such actions would seem to place them in the same class with the "authorities" who permitted outrages to women during their parade at the time of Mr. Wilson's inauguration. It is safe to say that if he had been President at that time, protection for the women would have been bountifuly supplied. The following editorial does full justice to the situation:

The injustices against which Mrs. Pankhurst is fighting are difficult of realization to Americans.

Perhaps America, too, might have its militants if the women of this country were little better than chattels in a nation of free men; if the laws were so unfair that a girl of 12 were made responsible for her own chastity against the wiles of adult seducers; if women were held to account for their marriage vows while husbands might flaunt mistresses in the faces of their wives and be immune from legal action.

The divorce laws of England, it is true, have been equalized in recent years, but their long-standing injustice illustrates general legal and social position of women in a nation where, among the self-respecting lower middle classes, it is still the duty of a wife to black her husband's boots.

Mrs. Pankhurst has repeatedly advised agaignst militancy in this country. She comes here to appeal for help for her own fight at home. In her zeal for that cause she has shortened her own days; and is facing a grave with the fortitude of a hero. Personally, she is a kindly, sweet, motherly woman.

We are glad that the American nation has not shut the door in her face. And we feel pride that, even those Americans who disagree wifh her aspirations as well as her methods, accord to womanhood and to her heroic sacrifice the respect and sympathy which they deserve.

Terminology of the Lie.

Mr. Lloyd-George, with Celtic directness, calls it "a lie." The Saxon prefers a periphrasis. Mr. Churchill's "terminological inexactitude" has become a classic, though Mr. Barry Pain did rather well with "mendacious diathesis." The parliamentary evasion is the most polite, for when "the honorable member opposite has been gravely misinformed" the compliment implied is frequently too subtle to carry across the floor of the house. The "Autocrat" defined the lie when he said, "The devil has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all." Mark Twain's definition is equally neat. "A lie," he said, "is an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble."—London Spectator.

Premiums Upon Babies.

Augustus, emperor of Rome, made babies a passport to office. By the Lex Papia Poppaea, passed in A. D. 9, definite preference as regards office was given to the fathers of satisfactorily large families. Such fathers were eligible for office before twenty-five. They took precedence of colleagues with no children or fewer than three and were preferred all round. The privilege was called the "jus trium liberorum" (three children privilege), but the qualifying number, three in Rome, was four in Italy, five in the provinces. The system, however, never worked well.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs, is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in midsummer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in one winter it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes, where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.

Very Sad.

First Salesman—A woman was arrested downstairs this morning. Second Salesman—What for? First Salesman—She was caught in the act of concealing a hand mirror. Second Salesman—Poor woman! That's what comes of taking a glass too much.—Chicago News.

The Indicting Instinct.

"Do you think women ought to hold public office?"

"Well, in some cases. But, judging from the way they talked about everybody in the community, I'd hate to have those who met at my house yesterday on a grand jury."—Washington Star.

Phenomenal.

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?"

"It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—Truth.

Ribbons.

The original spelling of ribbon was ribband, for it was a band that went around the waist, inclosing or binding the ribs. The hair ribbon is thus a very odd verbal paradox.

Around Snake Corner

A Stagecoach Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The stage climbed the steep mountain road, the black horses straining against the heavy load of passengers.

"Whoo-up!" shouted Ike Williams as he guided the team around a sharp corner where jutted a great split rock.

"Are there any snakes around here?" asked a timid passenger.

Ike Williams turned a ruddy face toward the passengers, and as his light brown eyes met those of a plump little woman in the corner he winked significantly.

The plump little woman looked very severe and turned her eyes away.

"Yes, sir; this is called snake corner, and it's a funny thing that every time I reach this particular rock every stranger aboard wants to know if there are snakes hereabouts."

"Well, are there any snakes?" demanded the thin woman sharply.

"There are snakes sometimes, ma'am. Once I was coming up from Cherry Brook with a load of folks, and just as we reached snake corner one of the wimmen screamed and fainted, and the others all hollered to beat the band. Of course I stopped and looked to see what was the matter."

"What was it?" demanded the passengers breathlessly.

"Trash!" sniffed Debby Bowne.

"It was a whole passel of blacksnakes a-sunning themselves on the big rock.

"I was some flustered, because I knew, all my passengers being wimmen, I'd have trouble between the wimmen and the snakes and the hosses here, who ain't got no use for reptiles.

"I'm a quick thinker, and"— Mr. Williams paused and cast a suspicious glance among his passengers. "I thought somebody laffed," he said aggressively.

No one made reply. Debby Bowne was staring through the open doorway, and the little dark man appeared to be asleep.

The other six passengers were hanging breathlessly on the words of the stage driver.

"Go on!" they cried impatiently. "What did you do then?"

"I got down from my seat and, taking my whip, I went up to the rock and laid it on to them snakes till there wasn't one to be seen. Then I climb back to the stage and drove on.

"The wimmen all cried with joy over getting rid of the snakes, and when we reached the top of the hill—this one we're climbing now—I happened to look back, and what do you suppose I see?" Ike paused dramatically.

"What did you see?" they asked in chorus.

"Snakes!" said Ike, frowning at the recollection. "About fifty blacksnakes, assorted sizes, all humping themselves along the road, trying to catch up with me. I reckon they would have climb up over the wheels and right into the stage if I hadn't done some quick thinking.

"I'm something of a reader," pursued Ike modestly, "and, being interested in the critters, I'd read considerable about snakes. So I took my harmonica out of my pocket and, getting out of the stage, I went back and played 'Yankee Doodle' to them pursuing reptiles, and I'll be blamed if the hull lot didn't stand still like they was charmed, and then I played a march called 'The Retreat.' And you'll hardly believe me when I say that the hull regiment of blacksnakes turned tail and humped themselves back down the road.

"Whoa! Here you are! Willow House!"

With the words Ike halted his horses with a flourish before the door of the little mountain inn.

With the single exception of Debby Bowne the occupants of the stage dismounted at the inn. While some of them were paying the driver, the foreigner leaned toward Debby Bowne.

"Does he speak of a truth?" he inquired, nodding toward Ike Williams.

Two red spots glowed in Debby's cheeks.

"The truth is not in him!" she said emphatically.

"You know him of a certainty, that he lies?" asked the man sharply.

"I was engaged to marry him," said Debby with dry bitterness.

"Was?" repeated the man doubtfully.

"Was," emphasized Debby, "until fifteen minutes ago."

"Ah, with many thanks for the confidence," smiled the stranger, bowing himself away with his heavy basket.

Just as the stage was about to resume its journey with Miss Bowne as its sole inmate that small person skipped alertly down the steps and slammed the door upon the empty vehicle.

"Ain't you going to ride up to the lane with me, Debby?" demanded Ike in dismay.

"Not today," returned Debby crisply. "I'd rather walk than ride with such a story teller as you are. You remember what I said the last time you told that snake story!" Debby Bowne gathered her lilac skirts neatly from the dust and tripped away, leaving Ike Williams to stare after her until she had quite disappeared into the opening of Whippoorwill lane, where she lived.

"I'll be blamed!" ejaculated Ike, slapping his knee with one big brown hand. "Well, what do you want?" he growled at the little foreigner who was standing by the wheel looking up at him.

"Beg pardon, but I forgot to pay you for transportation and most enjoyable ride and agreeable story," said the stranger politely.

"Huh!" was Ike's reply.

"And the little lady with the eyes of a dove, she has gone away?" asked the man.

"You mean Miss Debby Bowne?" growled Ike ominously.

The man nodded doubtfully.

"The lady who said she was engaged to you."

"Was?" bristled Ike. "Is, you mean."

"Beg pardon, but she said, 'Was engaged till fifteen minutes ago.' Ah, monsieur is most rude!" cried the stranger as he skipped back beyond reach of Ike's whip.

"Little rat!" growled Ike, his face now sobered to grim anger as he turned the stage about and returned down the mountain. When he passed snake corner he smote the black horses so savagely that they ran all the way down the mountain side, requiring all of Mr. Williams' strength and nerve to control them.

Back in Whippoorwill lane Debby Bowne was crying softly to herself over her broken engagement to the bluff stage driver, and at Willow inn the little foreigner was preparing to entertain the guests that evening with sundry conjuring tricks.

* * * * * * *

The next afternoon Ike Williams drove his stage up the mountain road. There was only one passenger inside, and she was strangely silent and unresponsive. So quiet was Debby Bowne that Ike began to believe that there was some truth in what the foreigner had hinted to him.

Was his engagement to Debby a thing of the past? He did not dare ask her for fear of the answer.

Debby Bowne worked in the postoffice and rode home in the stage every afternoon. It is not surprising that she grew tired and annoyed at hearing Ike's oft repeated snake stories, which were calculated to inspire strangers with dreadful fear.

Only a short week ago she had told Ike that if he ever repeated the blacksnake story in her hearing their engagement would cease at once.

Now he shot a glance from his merry brown eyes at the third finger of her left hand.

The garnet engagement ring was gone.

Their engagement was at an end.

Now they were turning around snake corner.

Ike was lost in gloomy meditation on the front seat when the off horse shied violently.

"Whoa!" shouted Ike, and with a glance at snake rock he pulled the trembling horses to a standstill and turned his head to stare at the great fissured rock about which he had woven so many tales to scare the unwary traveler.

Coiled on the rock was an immense serpent, scaly and glistening, with horrid head lifted and swaying gently to and fro.

"Good heavens!" breathed Ike through his set teeth.

Debby leaned from a window and stared, terrified.

Then, stepping jauntily out of the mountain path, came the foreign passenger of the day before.

He bowed politely to Ike, laid his hat against his heart when he saw Debby and at the same instant glimpsed the snake on the rock.

"Mon Dieu!" he squealed shrilly. "Kill it, monsieur!"

"Kill it yourself!" roared Ike fiercely, his muscled arm straining at the reins as his horses plunged madly.

"But has not monsieur a happy thought in this great emergency? It is true these are not blacksnakes, but"— he shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

"Get out of the way!" shouted Ike angrily.

"Perhaps monsieur would play 'Yankee Doodle' on his harmonicon?" grinned the amused foreigner. "Thus could he soothe the frightened serpent, even as he did in the good story he related. Ah!"

At that moment the black horses broke away and dragged the careening stage after them.

Debby Bowne, white lipped and trembling, saw Ike Williams regain mastery of his team, turn them about and drive back to snake rock just in time to see the foreign conjurer stuffing the great serpent into an odd looking basket.

"Ha! Monsieur is the brave runaway," chided the joke loving Frenchman as he securely fastened the cover of the basket that contained the ancient, half stupid and entirely harmless reptile, which was one of the properties of his performance.

Ike Williams grew redder and redder as the Frenchman disappeared and Debby Bowne sat silently within, witness of his humiliation.

Glancing out of the corner of his eye, he discerned Debby in the act of slipping the garnet ring back on its accustomed finger.

"You coming over this evening, Ike?" asked Debby softly.

"Yes, if you want me," he said hoarsely.

"Of course I want you," said Debby Bowne gently.

And Debby had part of her reward when the very next time she rode in the stage a timid passenger asked:

"Why do they call this snake corner?"

"Because there ain't any snakes here," replied Ike with a twinkle in his eye.

Dealing With a Lunatic.

In front of the Chelsea house Sir Thomas More had a garden and gatehouse, and, as there was a pleasant view from the summit of the gatehouse, he used frequently to sit there, accompanied only by his dog. Here it was that he was found one afternoon by a wandering maniac, who crept upstairs and saw the feeble old man dozing.

"Leap, Tom, leap!" he cried, and at the same time tried to throw him over the battlements. More had not physical strength enough to resist, but he had the wit to say:

"Let us first throw this little dog over."

The man immediately threw down the dog.

"Pretty sport," said the lord chancellor. "Now, go down and bring him up; then try again."

While the madman went down for the dog More made fast the door behind him and so managed to hold the fort until deliverance came.

The Earth's Journey.

Our world's journey in space is a long one, if we are to accept the conclusions of Dr. Turner of the University observatory of Oxford and Professor H. C. Plummer, royal astronomer of Ireland. Recent astronomical work suggests that the sun and its planets form a single unit in a vast system, the stars in which, though separated by enormous distances, have a common center of gravity, and in response to gravitation all move in unison like a stupendous machine. The paths of these stars, instead of being nearly circular, like those of the planets around the sun, are much like the oscillations of a pendulum. The calculations show that on this elongated course our sun must travel 400,000,000 years before completing a revolution and that it passed near the center less than a million, perhaps not more than 300,000, years ago and is now on the outward stretch.

Barney Barnato's Comedy.

In the journal South Africa the late Sutton Vane, the dramatist, once told this story of Barney Barnato: "He was the best amateur melodramatic actor I ever met. A little rough; so is a diamond, but the fire is there. He played Claude Frollo in Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda' splendidly, I playing Quasimodo, the hunchback, with him. In the great scene on the parapets the hunchback tries to throw the monk (Frollo) into the street. Mr. Barnato resisted vigorously. He seized me by my hump, which came off in his hand. It was a sponge bag stuffed with various articles. He shook his fist at me and then, with a quiet smile, threw the hump from the cathedral roof. Looking over, he exclaimed: 'Good heavens! I have killed a policeman!' Tremendous round of applause from the audience."

Armies of Animals.

Some idea of the vast numbers of animals that Africa used to support can be gained from a passage in W. Scully's reminiscences. It was Mr. Scully's good fortune in 1892 to witness the last great trek of springboks from east to west of the Bushmanland desert—a trek on a scale such as no man will ever see again. Fencing, the increase of population and the distribution of arms have almost exterminated the once innumerable host. He says, "I have stood on an eminence some twenty feet high, far out on the plains, and seen the absolutely level surface as far as the eye could reach covered with resting springboks, while from over the eastern horizon the rising columns of dust told of fresh hosts advancing."

Shoes and Nerves.

Travelers say that the reason why nervous people don't exist in China is because it is there the custom to wear soft shoes. There is no doubt that hard soled, creaking footgear is responsible for much nervous wear and tear as well as much physical fatigue in western lands. Tired feet and tired nerves will find solace in a warm foot bath with a handful of sea salt in it. Move the feet about or keep them still as best pleases you as long as the water is pleasantly warm; then dry them with a rough towel and put on a fresh pair of stockings.—Dundee Advertiser.

Bread of Persia.

Persian native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground, usually about the size of a barrel, and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool.

Long Headed.

"What will you do with the $20,000 if you get a verdict in your breach of promise suit?"

"I guess," said the dear girl, "I'll marry the lawyer. It's such an awful lot of money to let get out of one's hands."—Puck.

Bohemia's Coal Mines.

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

Voting.

"Do you believe that women ought to vote?"

"Sure! And, what's more, I think men ought to too."—Detroit Free Press.

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

Accused

Fortunately Vindication Was at Hand

By OSCAR COX

Giuseppe, for this act of perfidy you shall suffer. You have handed me over to be dealt with by the law. I will be the law to you. I will not remain long behind bars. No prison walls have yet been built strong enough to hold me. When I am free, as the carrier pigeon looks about him for the flight he will take, I will locate you. And wherever you are there will I go. It may be when the earth is awakening after a nocturnal slumber, it may be when the sun is pouring a flood of light on hill and vale, it may be when you think yourself concealed in the shadows of evening, that I will come, but come I will, and when you feel my blade cutting into your heart your eyes shall serve you for the last time, and they will behold me bending over you gloating in my revenge.

I paused in my writing and read over what I had written. I was dissatisfied with it. There was not sufficient strength, rancor, bitterness, diabolism, in it to suit me. I wrote it over, vivifying the picturesque points and intensifying the hate. Then I put it with my manuscript in its place at the close of a chapter and made my preparations to leave my room.

Two reasons influenced my going. In the first place, I suffered the impoverishment usual to authors who have not attained recognition as geniuses, and I was expecting to be turned out for nonpayment of rent. In the second place, I was in love and had promised to spend the week end with my betrothed. As to my poverty, I was expecting better things when my novel, "The Bandit's Revenge," should be published; as to my ladylove, I hoped to conceal from her the pitiable condition of my finances till I began to receive my royalties.

My apartment was on the top floor of a building in which there were many rooms. I possessed an old satchel, but no wardrobe except what I wore. There were a number of unsold manuscripts in the closet, and in order to fill out the bag I put them in it and, going with it out into the hall, descended. A man on the floor below, seeing me, started toward me. Thinking he might be intending to stop me for my unpaid rent, I hurried on and succeeded in eluding him. Emerging from the building, I felt satisfaction in knowing that I had all my worldly possessions with me and had left nothing in my room that the landlord could hold as security for my debt. Alas, I had left one little article that would bring me more trouble than if I had left abundant security, but I did not know it.

I had in my pocket the wherewithal to pay my way to the suburban town where lived my beloved. I expended 50 cents for a ticket and, having $2 more, spent it for some roses to take with me as a gift for her, leaving me a cent for a newspaper. Then I entered the train, laid my satchel on the seat beside me, unfolded my paper and, assuming a carelessness I did not feel, began to read the news. My poverty did not trouble me. I was used to that. But I dreaded lest my betrothed should find it out.

Nina, who was aware of my coming, was at the station to meet me and took me to her home in a little auto her father had recently given her. I tossed my satchel, containing no toilet articles except a toothbrush, on the floor of the vehicle and took my seat beside my adored chauffeur. Instead of driving me directly home, she made a long detour into the country. It was evident from her manner that she had something of importance to say to me and was making an opportunity to say it. As soon as we were on a country road she slowed down and said:

"My dear Luigi, I hope that what I am going to say to you will not lead you to think that I do not trust you implicitly. It is papa who is uncertain about you. He would prefer that I should marry a man born in America, whose family and antecedents we might learn about. You know that you have no relatives in America, and in order to learn of your ancestry and status in Italy one must go there to make an investigation. I have told papa what you have told me—that you are a descendant of the historical Colonnas; that your father is a member of the Italian parliament and has been a cabinet minister. Papa says, 'What proof have you of this?' and I can only reply that I have your word for it. And when papa asks me why I believe you and I say it is because I love you he laughs at me."

"My dear Nina," I replied, "have patience. I have written for such proofs of who and what I am as shall convince any doubter. Meanwhile, though I do not expect your father to feel satisfied concerning me, it seems to me that if you really love me you will trust me."

Had I not romance in my nature I would not be a novelist. Romance led me to take the ground that there is something in true love to induce a woman to trust the man she loves without calling on him for his credentials. I went into a rhapsody about this beautiful faith in a loved one and succeeded in infusing the sentiment into Nina. I was all I pretended to be and was only concealing from my betrothed my poverty, which my hopeful disposition led me to think would soon be ended. But there was not a single reason in my words why she should put faith in one whom she saw only through the romance tinged eyes of a lover. Yet I succeeded in drawing from her an impassioned statement that if I were accused of being a member of the dreaded Camorra society, if I were convicted of being a perpetrator of Black Hand crimes, still would she believe that I was maligned and innocent. I kissed her again and again, telling her that her confidence in me had enhanced my love for her tenfold.

Hours had passed when we returned to her home. Leaving me, Nina went straight to her father and told him that my credentials were expected shortly and till their arrival she would only ask him to receive me conditionally. This satisfied him, and I was made quite welcome.

The next morning, Sunday, opened bright and beautiful, and my spirits partook of the serenity of the day. Sunday brings relief in many ways, and this Sunday brought an especial relief to me. I felt comfortable in the fact that I would not be troubled with duns. I passed some time after breakfast reading a morning newspaper. One piece of information I read especially interested me. It was headed, "Followed to His Death." An Italian had been found dead in his bed with a knife sticking in his heart. The police had discovered a clew to the murderer, and his arrest was expected. The clew indicated that the man had been murdered from revenge. The supposed murderer had occupied a room in the same building with his victim and had left a paper on which was given the motive for the crime. He had fled, but the police had a description of him. But what struck me flat aback was that the murder had been committed in the house where I had had my room and which I had left the day before.

As I read on another shock awaited me. The murderer had been for some time a lodger in the same building and had been given notice to move for nonpayment of rent. He had been seen to leave the house soon after the murder had been committed, a description of him was in the hands of the police, and he was being traced by detectives.

A sudden thought—a horrible thought—struck me. This case fitted me exactly. I had been notified to leave my room for nonpayment of rent. Great heavens! They were looking for me!

Here was a pretty combination of circumstances. In addition to other uncertainties about me, I was in the position of a murderer flying from justice. I dreaded that the police might come down on me at any moment. Calling Nina, I led her out into the garden where we were alone and said:

"Sweetheart, I am about to be accused of having committed a crime. Will you trust me as you yesterday said you would?"

"What crime?" she stammered, paling.

"Murder."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Here they come now."

I saw several men passing through the gate. They came up to me, and one of them, putting a hand on my shoulder, said, "You're wanted."

"What for?"

"Murder."

"The one committed in the apartment on X street?"

"Yes."

"What proof have you of my guilt?"

"That you will find out on your trial."

Nina's father, followed by her mother and the rest of the family, came hurrying from the house to learn what was the matter. A police officer stated the case, and when I demanded some evidence against me, after consultation with his fellows, he drew a paper from his pocket and began to read:

"Giuseppe, for this act of perfidy you shall suffer. You have handed me over to be dealt with by the law. I will be the law to you. I will not be long behind bars. No prison walls have yet been built strong enough to hold me."

"Stop!" I shouted, laughing hysterically. "I know what that is. I must have left it in my room when"—

"You admit it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Oh, go on," wailed Nina.

"When I am free, as the carrier pigeon looks about him for the flight he will take, I will locate you, and wherever you are there will I go. It may be when the earth is awakening after a nocturnal slumber, it may be when the sun is pouring a flood of light on hill and vale, it may be when you think yourself concealed in the shadows of evening, that I will come, but come I will, and when you feel my blade cutting into your heart your eyes shall serve you for the last time, and they will behold me bending over you gloating in my revenge."

As the man stopped reading I heard a thud, and, turning, I saw Nina lying in a heap on the ground. Her father picked her up and was about to carry her away when she revived and insisted on remaining, giving me a look of terrible appeal for my vindication.

"These fools," I cried—"these confounded fools have taken the closing paragraph of a novel I have been writing for a threat to kill a man. Of all the stupid asininity I ever heard"—

The police force looked at each other, doubtful as to whether or no they had made a mistake.

"Can you prove what you say?" asked their chief.

"Certainly. In my satchel I have my novel and the substitute for that paper which I rewrote."

My mortification at pulling on manuscripts instead of toilet articles from my satchel was overtopped by my delight at having a vindication at hand. The policemen went back to the city without me, and my escape from arrest excited the sympathy of all my entertainers. I was invited to remain till my credentials came from Italy, and when they arrived they contained a check from my father that set me up in good shape.

Nina and I are now very happy together. I have given up scribbling, my father-in-law having taken me into his business.

They Convinced Him.

There was a Russian writer who disapproved of so many things in connection with the management of his native country that he got himself into serious trouble with the authorities. He persisted in pointing out their defects, and at last they got so exasperated that they decided to hang him, and he was duly sentenced to death by one of the governors he had criticised.

Three times they tried to hang him, and three times the rope broke.

The worried hangman postponed the execution while he went to talk things over with the governor.

"What did he say when the rope broke the third time?" asked the governor.

"He said that it was just what might be expected in Russia," replied the hangman—"that we couldn't even hang a man properly."

The enraged governor turned in a fury to the hangman. "Convince him that he is wrong!" he shouted.

So the hangman went back to the condemned man and convinced him.

Sailing Wheelbarrows.

The sailing wheelbarrows of China are a sight to delight the eyes of an old salt stranded inland, particularly in the Shensi district, where mile long processions of these queer vehicles may be met with. Wheelbarrow transportation would be almost impossible in this district, due to the blown sand, were it not for the ingeniously devised sails. Night and day for months at a stretch without ceasing the wind blows steadily from west to east at an average velocity of more than fifteen miles an hour. Luckily this chances to be the direction of the country's produce transportation, so that the heaviest laden of the barrow craft are able to "make port" with a fair wind. A wind "dead astern," however, is by no means absolutely necessary, for by ingeniously contrived supports on the sides of the barrows the sails may be set to take advantage of almost every slant of breeze.—Popular Mechanics.

Daudet's Romance.

The novelist, Alphonse Daudet, had determined to remain a bachelor, because he was afraid that if he made a wrong step in marriage he might dull his imagination. He has given expression to his fear in the "Femmes d'Artistes" and more particularly in the tale "Madame Heurtbise," with which the volume opens. But, on being introduced to Mlle. Julie Allard, who loved literature and was herself a charming writer and critic, his fear was removed. The union proved a very happy one, and the picture of the two at work is an attractive bit of biography.

Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked:

"This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel."

"It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into one!"

Teeth of the Muskellunge.

Along toward the middle of July a curious thing happens to the muskellunge. His teeth fall out. A sort of piscatorial Rigg's disease seems to attack him. Naturally, he loses flesh in the toothless season, and his inability to enjoy any of the good things that swim about him increases the savagery of his temper.

With the coming of September he has cut an entire new set of teeth, and they are like knife blades set up on edge in his jaws. Then he takes on new vigor, voraciousness and aggressiveness, with the memory of weeks of pentup fury and unappeased appetite to avenge. And then comes the angler's best opportunity with him.—Detroit Free Press.

Ferry Tolls on the Tigris.

At one ferry on the Tigris river the toll is as follows: For a poor Arab, 2 cents; for a prosperous Arab, 4 cents; for a soldier, 10 cents; for a pilgrim, 20 cents; for a European, 80 cents. The scale of prices for nearly everything along the way is similar. But many of the Arabs are so poor that they prefer to swim across in the ancient manner. They bind several old gourds together and then, sitting upon them, paddle their way along.—Christian Herald.

Looking Ahead.

"I hear your daughter married against your wishes. Why didn't you stop the match?"

"Well, it wasn't seriously against my wishes. I just want to be able to say I told her so if anything goes wrong."—Pittsburgh Post.

Home Campaign.

"Our stenographer is a wise one."

"How now?"

"While the other girls were fooling around at the seashore getting themselves engaged to ribbon clerks she remained on the job and got affianced to the boss."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not What Ma Meant.

Reggie—If pa was to die, ma, would he go to heaven? Ma—Hush, hush, Reggie! Whoever has been putting such ridiculous thoughts into your head?—Sketch.

It Will Come.

Nell—As people grow old I like to see them keep up with the fashions. Belle—Yes, we never grow too old to acquire the latest wrinkle.—Philadelphia Record.

The man whose eyes are nailed not on the nature of his act, but on the wages, whether it be money or office or fame, is almost equally low.—Emerson.

Singing at Sight.

I never really got it through my head so as to read musical notation in the ordinary, conventional, civilized way. The fact remains that if today one were suddenly to place before me the score of "Robin Hood," "Pinafore," or "Fra Diavolo" I couldn't for the life of me tell whether a given note was A or G, or what key it was in. At the same time I could sing it correctly, or any unfamiliar piece of music, although I should prefer to hear it played over once on the piano so as to get started right on the tempo. The celebrated Mme. Rudersdorff, who was one of the finest dramatic and coloratura singers I ever knew, once said to me when I confided to her this peculiarity:

"Never mind; you are all right. That's the true method of singing at sight anyway. The best of them don't really know anything about music more than that—if they know as much."—Henry Clay Barnabee in National Magazine.

Curran's Mistake.

It was difficult to subdue the high spirits of John Philpot Curran, the Irish lawyer and wit. Indeed, many of his most brilliant witticisms were uttered in the staid and somewhat musty asmosphere of the courtroom.

On one occasion when Curran was making an elaborate argument in chancery Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument he paid much more attention to the dog than to the barrister. Gradually the chancellor lost all regard for even ordinary courtesy. In the most important part of the case he turned himself quite aside and began to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once.

"Go on, Mr. Curran; go on," said Lord Clare.

"I beg a thousand pardons, my lord," replied the wit. "I took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

Physical Energy.

Study of the blood furnished the clew to Julius Robert Mayer for his discovery of that fundamental law of physics, the law of conservation of energy. Mayer observed, while traveling as a ship's surgeon in the tropics that the venous blood of his patients (in the days when blood letting was still in general vogue) was appreciably brighter in color than in ordinary practice in the temperate zone. From this he concluded there was a definite relation between the chemical action going on in the blood and the amount of work or heat furnished by the body, and thus, following up his argument point by point, he was finally led to the conclusion that the total amount of energy of a given system is constant, that energy can neither be created nor destroyed, but only converted from one form into another.

When Vapor Is Dry.

A popular misconception is the supposition that aqueous vapor and ice are wet. They are in themselves dry, and become wet only when they turn to water. So dry is aqueous vapor that it will dry any moist object that it comes in contact with. Superheated steam, before it condenses, is a dry gas. Ice feels wet if the temperature of the hand is sufficient to melt it; as ice it is dry. Another misconception is that the air can be either moist or dry. It is condensed aqueous vapor in the air that is moist, and it would be moist if there were no air. A given quantity of aqueous vapor confined in a given space will be wet or dry according to the temperature. At 32 degrees, for instance, it might be partially condensed and consequently wet, while at 70 degrees, owing to expansion, it would be dry.

The First Ironclad.

The French were the first people to apply in a practical shape the idea of reviving the use of armor on the sides of ships. They constructed five floating batteries clad with four inches of iron. Of these the first was the Tonnante, mounting sixteen guns. She was launched at Brest in 1855. The first ironclad warship proper was the La Gloire, launched in November, 1859. La Gloire was of 5,600 tons displacement and 800 horse power. The famous Merrimac and Monitor gave the world the first fight between ironclads, but they were not the first mailed battleships. The La Gloire was afloat more than a year before the historic encounter in Hampton Roads.—New York American.

Simple Pleasures.

To become again more joyous, more childlike, more naive than we are, to look into the world with clear eyes and to consign to the devil the problematical chimeras behind which only too often hides the unclean turmoil of the market place, chimeras which have made us unhappy, slavish and uncertain—that would do us all good.—Boston Transcript.

Keep the Bell Ringing.

A bell in a temple of north China has been kept ringing for a century. A tax is levied in the district for paying relays of ringers to work incessantly day and night.

Area of the Oceans.

The oceans, including the inland seas connected with them, cover about 144,300,000 square miles, or 73.39 per cent of the total surface of the earth.

Insects' Eggs.

A butterfly lays 600 eggs, the wasp 5,000, the ant 4,000 to 5,000, while one species of white ant produces 86,400 eggs in a day.

Her Check

A Story of Old New York

By F. A. MITCHEL

One evening, something more than 100 years ago, a gentleman and a lady were strolling on the Battery in the city of New York. At that time the residential area bordering the park, which inherits its name from the old New Amsterdam fort located on the ground, was a very different section from what it is now. Today it is intersected by elevated railroads, and the loungers there are chiefly emigrants or persons out of employment. Then in the houses bordering upon the park lived the most aristocratic families of old New York.

The gentleman mentioned was tall, dignified and wore the costume of the times, a beaver hat, ruffled shirt front, blue coat with brass buttons and a flaring skirt; his pantaloons, as they were then called, tight except where they covered his boots. The lady wore the bonnet of the period, skirt a la directoire, her shoulders covered with a lace shawl. She was a descendant of one of the original Dutch settlers and a widow.

"I am going to ask you once more, Mrs. Van Zandt, and for the last time," said the man, with that dignified courtliness which has now passed into oblivion, "to make me happy. You may remember that a year ago, on this very spot, I asked you to honor me by becoming my wife. You told me that you lived and would live only for your son. Since then you have treated me, if not as a lover, at least as a dear friend. It is this that has emboldened me to ask you to reconsider your refusal and confer upon me the greatest happiness a woman can bestow upon a man."

Having made this stilted proposal, he waited for a reply. In accordance with the custom of those times the lady's hand rested on his arm. He felt her hand tremble. After a few moments of silence she said:

"I trust, Mr. Travers, that you will not think me insensible of the honor you would confer upon me; an honor, I must admit, of which I am scarcely worthy. But if my son required my undivided attention a year ago he needs it still more now. Since you are my very dear friend, I will confide in you that he has become involved—has involved me—in a gambling debt. This Major Tilford, who has recently come to New York, and who has secured social recognition by some of our best families, has succeeded in winning from Frank at cards some $4,000."

"The rascal!" muttered Mr. Travers.

"I have drawn my check for the amount, and Frank will tomorrow pay the indebtedness. He has given me his solemn promise never again to play at cards for money. But I know I shall have trouble in keeping him from the temptation. Now you can understand why he needs my first consideration."

The lovers were silent for a time. They were standing on the southernmost part of the Battery looking down the bay. A few ships were at anchor, while one was coming under full sail through the Narrows, the setting sun gilding her canvas. Presently Mr. Travers said:

"Will you permit me to hand your check to Major Tilford, madam?"

"With what object?"

"It may be better that your son should have nothing more to do with the man."

"Perhaps you are right. I shall consider myself under a deep obligation to you, my dear Mr. Travers, if you will act in the matter for me."

"On the contrary, I feel highly honored by your confidence."

They returned to Mrs. Van Zandt's home, a modest two story brick building, in place of which a modern skyscraper now stands, and Mrs. Van Zandt took from a lady's mahogany writing desk with claw feet a check and handed it to Mr. Travers. He bent and kissed the hand from which he received it and, carefully avoiding turning his back to its owner, withdrew.

That same evening a party of gentlemen were supping at Frances' tavern, among their number Major Tilford. Mr. Travers entered the dining room and, taking a seat, called for wine.

Then he wrote on the back of one of his visiting cards a request for a few words in private with Major Tilford and sent the card to that gentleman. The latter arose and, going to the table where Mr. Travers sat, bowed and said:

"I am at your service, sir."

"I am commissioned to hand you a check for money taken from a boy in his teens, who should have been protected instead of swindled by you."

He handed Tilford Mrs. Van Zandt's check, but the latter drew back. He had no sense of honor, but could not tell to what this matter might lead. He assumed a sense of honor he did not feel.

"Are you aware, sir," he said, "that this is an insult no gentleman can brook? Were it not for the prejudice against the code engendered by the recent affair between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Burr you should answer for it on the field of honor."

"The prejudice against dueling you speak of arises from a murder, not an affair of honor. I have no fear of losing any of my friends by a meeting with you."

"Be it so, sir. I shall send a friend to you."

"One moment, sir. The lady whose son you have swindled must not be brought into this affair, and it is to your interest, sir, that its real cause should be concealed. Return to your friends. Presently I will arise to leave the room. Place your foot in such position that I may trip on it. I will retaliate by drawing my glove across your face. You can then send your friend to me without the true cause of the difference between us being known."

"As you like, sir. Meanwhile you may keep the check. If you kill me you may return it to the lady who wrote it. If I kill you"—

"You can take such action concerning it as you see fit. If you choose now to decline it and will give me a receipt for the amount of its face this affair need go no further."

Tilford made no reply to this for awhile. He was turning the matter over in his mind. There were reasons why he should recede from the position in which he stood, but he did not wish to give up the plunder, and he might possibly retain it without damage to his reputation. Travers was not known as a fighter, while Tilford came from the south, where dueling was quite common, and he was an expert with both sword and pistol.

"No, sir," he said at last. "You have insulted me, accused me, and my honor must be vindicated."

With that he turned and went back to his companions.

Nothing of the conversation had been heard by them, and when Travers arose and walked toward the desk to pay his reckoning no one was aware that a pantomime was to be enacted. As he was walking leisurely past the table where his adversary sat the latter put out his foot, and Travers stumbled against it.

"You did that on purpose, sir," he said.

"As you please to consider it, sir."

Travers drew a glove from a pocket and struck Tilford with it lightly on the cheek. Then he passed in the same leisurely manner out of the dining room.

When Tilford's second returned to him with Travers' reply to his challenge, the southerner knit his brows. By assenting to his enemy's plan he had given Travers the chance of place and weapons. The conditions named by the latter were pistols, in a dark room, each party to be supplied with an unlimited number of weapons. This placed them on an equality, and Tilford lost the advantage of his skill and reputation as a duelist.

Tilford was an impostor and a swindler. He had forged letters of introduction and had played young Van Zandt with marked cards. Believing that his true character would soon come out, he desired, if possible, to get the money on Mrs. Van Zandt's check and disappear. But in playing a gentleman's game he had left the check with Travers. He sent word to his adversary that he would apologize for tripping him and take Mrs. Van Zandt's check to her and tear it to pieces in her presence if this would be agreeable to Mr. Travers.

Travers was unwilling to trust him with the check so long as it was good at the bank, but he took sufficient time to go there and request that it should not be paid if presented. Then he sent it to Tilford, stating that his proposed terms were accepted. But before Tilford had time to try to get the check cashed Travers went to the bank and was there in concealment when Tilford hurried in and presented the check. Travers confronted him.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "Sign a receipt for the amount you claim from young Van Zandt and give it to me, with this check, or go to jail."

Tilford threw up the game and agreed to the conditions. When the receipt had been drawn and signed and the check returned he was permitted to leave the bank and the city and was never seen in New York again.

The same evening Mr. Travers was announced in the drawing room of Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Have you paid my son's indebtedness?" she asked.

"I have, madam. There is the receipt."

He handed it to her. She cast her eyes over it and was folding it when he handed her her check. She looked at it, surprised, then at him for an explanation.

"There was no legitimate debt," he said, "due from your son to this man Tilford, who was an impostor and a swindler. He returned your check and signed a receipt for the amount he had claimed in preference to going to jail."

"How did you prove him such?"

"I gave him my opinion of one who would take money in such fashion from a minor. He still pretended to be a gentleman and agreed to surrender the check to you in person. Instead of doing so, he presented it at the bank. I had taken the precaution to stop payment on the check and was at the bank to receive the rascal when he came to draw the money. I gave him his choice between exposure and its consequences and giving me, for you, these two papers."

Mrs. Van Zandt's eyes were dimmed with tears. She yearned to throw herself into her lover's arms, but those were times of great formality.

"Mr. Travers," she said, as soon as she could control her voice, "it seems, sir, that my son's interests are safer in your hands than in mine."

With great composure he encircled her waist and took her hand; then he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah, madam, you have made me the happiest of men!"

THE REPUBLICAN.

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The official expense accounts filed in New York city show that it cost Tammany $200,000 to get licked at the recent election. Had Tammany won it would have cost the taxpayers of New York a good deal more.

Not throwing any bricks or anything like that, but just stating a few facts. Some months ago Mayor Whitpenn, of Jersey City, was an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Jersey. President Wilson was anxious that his personal choice, Mr. Fielder, should be nominated. He accordingly wrote Mayor Whitpenn a letter and Mayor Whitpenn withdrew. On Monday, last, President Wilson appointed Mr. Whitpenn to the snug job of naval officer of the New York port. One naturally wonders what was in that letter to Mr. Whitpenn. One also wonders how large would be the bricks flying at poor, old Taft had he written a letter under like circumstances and followed it up with a juicy plum for the recipient.

FOOLISH TALK.

The defeat of the $50,000,000 road loan has been followed by a lot of the most foolish kind of talk. In some quarters it is threatened that because the loan failed to pass there will be no road improvements for five years to come. In other quarters failure to keep roads free from snow has also been attributed to a lack of funds resulting from the defeat of the bond issue. Silly statements of this character do no good, but a lot of harm. The bond issue project was rejected because the majority of the voters didn't want it, and this fact is a pretty good thing to be kept in mind by those trying to show their resentment. Road improvements will not stop so long as Legislatures make appropriations, and the general revenue fund is amply able to allow several millions a year for good roads. In the last few weeks before the election there were veiled threats of increased taxes and other dire punishment on the voters if the bond issue failed to go through. Any person in touch with the people knows that these threats hurt rather than helped the road loan. The State Highway Department is undoubtedly handicapped by a lack of funds for carrying on road improvements on the extensive scale desired, but the surest way to transform the present unpopularity of this department into public favor and approval is to make the very best of the situation by using such funds as are at hand in making good roads that stay good. It is the lack of permanency in road improvements that has caused dissatisfaction that was a vital factor in defating the bond issue on Nov. 4th.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss,
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the ues of HALL'S. CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
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Wheat, white or mixed	.85
Wheat, red	.90
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.60
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.60
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
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A GIRL GENERAL

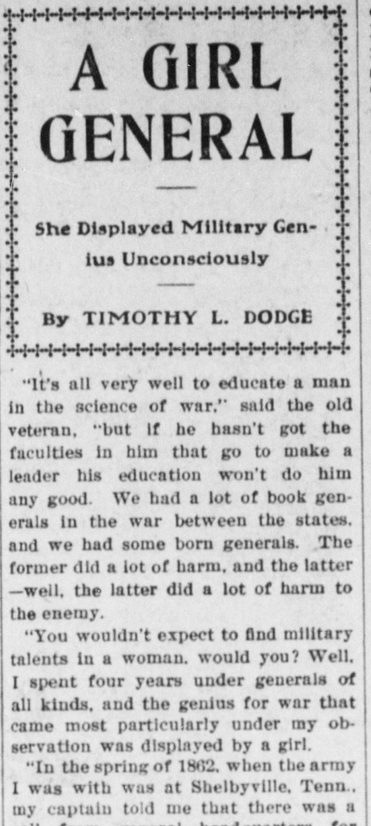
She Displayed Military Genius Unconsciously

By TIMOTHY L. DODGE

"It's all very well to educate a man in the science of war," said the old veteran, "but if he hasn't got the faculties in him that go to make a leader his education won't do him any good. We had a lot of book generals in the war between the states, and we had some born generals. The former did a lot of harm, and the latter—well, the latter did a lot of harm to the enemy.

"You wouldn't expect to find military talents in a woman, would you? Well, I spent four years under generals of all kinds, and the genius for war that came most particularly under my observation was displayed by a girl.

"In the spring of 1862, when the army I was with was at Shelbyville, Tenn., my captain told me that there was a call from general headquarters for some one to go south on secret service—learn what force of Confederates was occupying the territory south of



"I RECOGNIZED THE GIRL I HAD LEFT AN HOUR BEFORE."

us and come back with the information. I was a private in those days and anxious to do something by which I might gain promotion. I thought that if I gained the information to enable the general to carry out any plans he might have I could count on his influence. So I volunteered and was ordered to report at headquarters. The general questioned me, and evidently making up his mind to try me told me to scout southward and learn so far as I could just what Confederate forces were between him and the Tennessee river. He was intending to make a forced march with a view to cutting a railroad. He left me free to go in uniform or in citizen's dress, as I pleased. I concluded that I could get farther south and learn more by assuming to be a southerner, so I chose to go in citizen's dress.

"I confess I didn't like the prospect of being detected as a Yankee soldier in disguise within the enemy's lines hunting for information, for I was pretty sure in that case to be hanged for a spy. Besides, I was starting at night, which is just the time a man's pluck is at the lowest ebb. I rode most of the night and early in the morning stopped at the outskirts of a town called Fayetteville.

"Those towns down there were sure to sympathize with one side or the other. Shelbyville was largely in favor of the Federals; in Fayetteville they were all Confederates. I didn't know this at the time, and I didn't take precautions. I stopped at a house and asked for some breakfast, for which I paid in greenbacks. This excited suspicion; the woman of the house played Union and drew a confession from me that I was of the same persuasion. If there had been a man about I would have been in trouble right off. As it was, I thought it best to mount my horse and get away.

"I went on southward, talking with the people I met, telling them that I had come from Shelbyville and had left a force of Yankees there. Then I asked them about 'our fellows' and got all they knew. At noon I stopped at a farmhouse, and this time I struck a Union family sure enough. The father was away serving with an east Tennessee Federal regiment. There were a mother, a daughter about twenty years old and some small children.

"I soon found that it was safe to confide in these people and confessed myself a Union man. I also told the daughter just what I was—a spy. She caught her breath and bit her lip, knowing full well what my fate would be if caught.

"I have never known such quick cases of love between the sexes as during that war. Perhaps the girls, being country bred, had not met any men except country bumpkins and were the more easily attracted to a different class of young men. Be this as it may, I had not been in the house an hour before I saw evidence in the girl of a strong predisposition in my favor. Then, too, the terrible risk I was running served to heighten her interest in me. As to my feelings for her, I will refer to that later.

"I may as well say here, however, that I couldn't tear myself away from her till evening, when I started again for a night ride toward Stevenson junction, intending to go on from there to Bridgeport, with a view to learning what force there was at the latter place guarding the long railroad bridge across the Tennessee river. I got on very well, penetrated as far as I had intended and made my way back to the house where I had left the girl.

"She told me that the family had incurred hostility for harboring me, since the woman with whom I had breakfasted on my way down had reported my presence to a Confederate cavalry force in the vicinity and they had been looking for me.

"The girl learned that there were scattered forces in my way on the watch for me, so I decided to make a detour southward and work my way back over the Cumberland plateau. I parted from my love on an eminence near her home where she could see me for a long distance. I cheered her by telling her that the Yankees would be down there soon in force and I would surely see her again.

"About a mile south of my starting point I came to a river. I crossed it by a ford and had ridden another mile when I struck a crossroad by which I intended to proceed eastward and then northward. I had just turned when I heard a voice behind me calling on me to throw up my hands. I did so at once, and three Confederate cavalrymen in charge of a corporal took me in.

"After questioning me they decided that I was the man they were looking for and started with me for the camp of the force to which they belonged.

"The road struck the river at the ford and we started in to cross it single file. Two of my captors preceded and two followed me. There was a ledge just below the ford which my girl had cautioned me against, calling my attention to the fact that the running water would deceive me as to the direction I needed to take. She told me that if I didn't keep well upstream I would go over the ledge into deep water.

"I soon saw that the first man in line, the corporal, was heading too far downstream. When he reached the middle of the river he went over the ledge and I saw him no more. The next man was frightened, but headed his horse farther upstream. I wished I could go over the ledge and be drowned, to save myself from a hanging. I was turning my horse in that direction when the man next in my rear, who had come up beside me, seized my bridle rein.

"When I was looking him in the face I saw a round hole appear in his forehead. He fell from his horse and was swept away with the current. He had been shot, but who had shot him was a mystery. I glanced to the opposite bank and saw a little cloud of smoke, but no one who had fired a shot.

"Two of the four men were now eliminated. The man behind me was a brave fellow. He spurred forward and, drawing his revolver, ordered me to proceed. But we hadn't gone six yards before I heard a crack, and at the same time my man fell from his saddle. Where he was hit I did not know, but if he wasn't killed he was doubtless drowned.

"Turning my head, I saw the fourth man urging his horse as fast as he could through the rapid current toward the southern shore. He had evidently had enough of trying to run me into camp and was trying to save himself from the invisible marksman.

"I was now free as a bird, and it didn't take long for me to gather my faculties sufficiently to understand that some one had saved me from my captors, though I was not quite sure but that I would be the next victim. However, I lost no time in pushing forward to the northern side of the river, and my horse carried me up the steep ascent on to the bank. There I looked about me and at the base of a tree saw a girl lying on the ground, with a rifle beside her. I spurred toward her, dismounted and recognized the girl I had left not an hour before.

"She was in a dead faint, but I picked her up and kissed her back to consciousness.

"She had seen me captured and my captors start for the river. Her military eye had taken in the situation at once. Running home, she had got a rifle, and returning lay in concealment with a view to attacking the enemy while crossing the stream. Seeing the leader heading too far down, she had waited till he fell over the ledge; then, taking advantage of the confusion, she had opened fire.

"There are many instances in history where generals have seized upon just such a moment to rout an enemy, but this is the only affair of the kind that came under my own personal observation. Besides, it saved my life.

"I got the girl back to her house and then pushed my horse to his utmost to place as many miles as possible between me and that region. Fortunately I eluded those on the watch for me and got my information in to the general. He commended me highly for my work and recommended me to the governor of my state for a commission."

"What became of the girl?" asked one of the listeners.

"Our force advanced as soon as I got to camp, and I saw her again frequently. After the war I went down there and married her."

A Poor Place to Sleep.

Traveling in Africa is doubtless beset with more danger than in any other part of the world. Wild beasts, wild men, poisonous plants, storms, fevers and other sickness combine to make a formidable array. A recent traveler in Gwallah, a district in northeast Africa, encountered a new danger. Vegetation is very luxuriant, and when he pitched camp he noticed that a number of dead birds lay on the ground. Before he had time to comment on this fact four of the dogs, which had been smelling around, keeled over and died within five minutes. It was supposed that they had eaten some poisonous plant, but this idea was dispelled when three of the natives, who had slept on the ground, were found dead next morning. Then it was discovered that there was a stratum of deadly gas covering the ground to the depth of three or four inches. The traveler with his troupe lost no time in getting out of that vicinity.

Ruby Mines of Mogok.

The civilized world knows little of the famous ruby mines of Mogok, in a valley of Burma, whence come nearly all the large rubies, for the road lies through a forest which is seldom trod by whites. A few Englishmen who live there have laid out a polo ground, and between this and the town are the mines. The diggings are slowly eating up the village, and the main street is already half destroyed. The work goes on all day and all night, the ruby bearing earth being brought up in iron trolleys. A few strangers who have called at the mines have been told by the officials that they can keep any ruby they may find, but no one has ever been able to find one yet. The gems are embedded in the gold colored clay, which stretches along the whole of the valley, and it is only after the earth has been washed that the rubies are seen on the tables.—Argonaut.

Made the Journey Quite Cheerful.

Mr. Justice Maule once went on circuit with Judge Coleridge in a part of England where the high sheriff was a shy and modest man and very much alarmed at having to entertain his cynical lordship. Coming home in his coach with the two judges he thought it his duty to make conversation for them. He observed that he hoped there would be better weather, as the moon had changed.

"And are you such a fool, Mr. Jones, as to imagine that the moon has any effect on the weather?" said Maule.

"Really, Brother Maule," said Coleridge, who was politeness itself, "you are very hard upon our friend. For my part, I think the moon has considerable effect upon it."

"Then," said Maule, "you are as great a fool as Jones is." After which, conversation in the sheriff's carriage languished.

Napoleon's Masterful Mother.

The relationship between Napoleon Bonaparte and his mother, the Mme. Mere of imperial times, was peculiar. Mme. Letizia, who was thirty-four when her famous son was born, had always been complete mistress of her household. Even when her son was emperor and his word was law, willing as she might have been in public to do him honor, in private she insisted on the privileges of her motherhood.

Baron Larrey, in his historical essay, writes: "One day there was a family meeting, and Napoleon gave his mother his hand to kiss, but Mme. Mere moved aside the proffered hand. Napoleon then took his mother's hand and kissed it, and she said to him, 'Sire, you know quite well that in public I must treat you with due respect, because I am your subject, but in private I am your mother.'"

Safe Either Way.

A farmer in a cyclone district was building a superb stone wall. He was building the wall stanch and solid, five feet across the base and four feet high. A stranger stopped his horse and said to the farmer:

"You're taking a lot of trouble with that wall."

"You bet," the farmer answered. "I'm putting her here to stay."

"What's the good of that?" sneered the stranger. "A cyclone'll come along and she'll blow over just the same."

"Well, let her," said the farmer. "She'll be a foot higher if she does."—Minneapolis Journal.

Literary Note.

"Mabel thinks of becoming an author, and this morning she asked me which school of literature I would recommend."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I only knew of two kinds, the kind that uses 'thru' and the kind that doesn't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lest We Forget.

Small Arthur—Mamma, I hurt my finger. Please tie a rag on it. Mamma (after an examination)—It isn't injured enough to need tying up, dear. Small Arthur—Well, tie a rag on it anyway so I won't forget which finger it is that hurts.—Exchange.

A Fair Inference.

"Does your son intend to take a full course in college?"

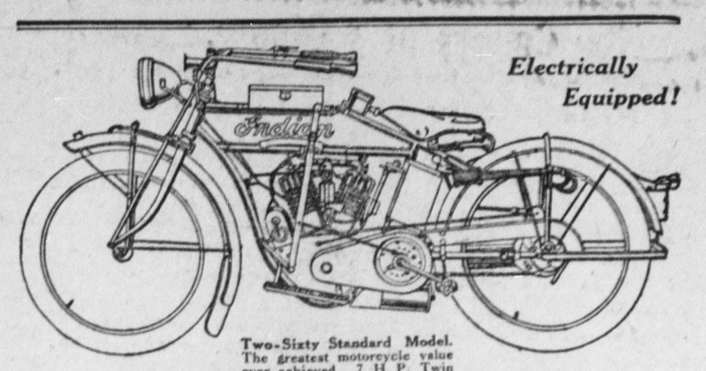
"It looks that way. His liquor bill for the first month was over $30."—Judge.

Impressive.

"What did you see in the Grand canyon that most impressed you?"

"A mighty pretty girl astride a brown mule."—Chicago Record-Herald.

If you would create something you must be something.—Goethe.



Electrically Equipped!

Two-Sixty Standard Model. The greatest motorcycle value ever achieved. 7 H. P. Twin equipped with Electric Head Light, Electric Tail Light, Electric Signal, Two Sets Storage Batteries and Corbin-Brown Rear-Drive Speedometer. Price $260.00. See Catalog for detailed description.

Indian MOTOCYCLES FOR 1914

60,000 brand-new red machines will go out over the Indian trails during the coming year—the greatest motorcycle production in the history of the industry.

They will flash forth fully armed with "Thirty-Eight Betterments for 1914!" Armed with powerful and beautiful Electrical Equipment! Armed with a New Standard of Value which must completely overturn all existing ideas of motorcycle worth.

All standard Indian models for 1914 come equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, two sets high amperage storage batteries, electric signal, Corbin-Brown rear-drive speedometer.

You cannot fully realize the 1914 Indian without a thorough study of the 1914 Indian Catalog. It makes plain a host of compelling Indian facts that all motorcycle-interested men can consider to their real profit. Send for the 1914 Indian Catalog—the most interesting volume of motorcycle literature you've ever read.

The 1914 line of Indian Motocycles consists of:

4 H.P. Single Service Model	$200.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Twenty-Five, Regular Model	225.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Sixty, Standard Model	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Light Roadster Model	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Two Speed, Regular Model	275.00
7 H.P. Twin Two Speed, Tourist Standard Model	300.00
7 H.P. Twin Hendee Special Model (with Electric Starter)	325.00

Prices F.O.B. Factory

HENRY T. NOLL, Dealer.

Pleasant Gap, Penna.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon.
E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A good farmer on the Burnside farm on Purdue Mountain, 3 miles from Bellefonte. Will make liberal proposition and give possession in December. Inquire WILLIAM BURNSIDE, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing an book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A 7-Room House with heat & light. A good Barn & all necessary out-buildings. Lot 100 x 200.
W. O. DOUGHERTY,
10-20-4t. Lemont, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa.
7-31-tf.

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly.
Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co.
Lansing, Mich.

FOR RENT—A double front office in the Exchange Building; steam heated; rent reasonable. Also a house on East Lamb Street; bath room; complete; creek sewerage; heater in cellar. Inquire of F. W. Crider.

FOR SALE—A dark brown horse, rising six years old. This horse is strictly sound and one of the best family brake horses in the state. Weight 1150 lbs. Neat in appearance, a nice free driver, and will stand anywhere without being tied. Also will sell good top buggy and harness worth the money. Answer to SELLER, BOX 5, Centre Hall.

Transferred to Bellefonte.

The Tyrone Herald says: Fireman Harry Jones was the lucky bidder on the Bellefonte yard engines and left to fill his new position. Mr. Jones came to Tyrone about two years ago from Blue Ball and while here won many friends. He is a young man of sterling worth and is making good with the company. The best wishes of his Tyrone friends accompany him to Bellefonte.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

If it's Jewels, Jewelry or Silverware. in gold, silver, or platiinum wear, something for everlastingremembrance, come and see us, write us or call us on the phone.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

The County at a Glance.

Howard

Mrs. Longee returned home last Saturday after a very enjoyable visit with her son, Curtis.

Paul Wagner is attending school at Bellefonte this winter.

Mrs. Ward Schenck was a Bellefonte shopper on Tuesday.

Joseph Weirick spent Sunday here with his parents.

Miss Anna Holter was in Bellefonte to attend to some shopping last Friday.

Quite a large class was confirmed in the Catholic church last Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Callender, whose death occurred at Stockton, Kansas, last week, was a former resident of Howard. Her maiden name was Sarah E. Gardner. She was born here June 1, 1849, removing in early life with her parents to Iowa. She removed to Stockton in 1878 and made that place her home to the time of her death.

Mr. Hickey, wife and son, of Lock Haven, were visitors in Howard on Monday.

Miss Gladys Holter and Miss Neff, nurses at the Lock Haven hospital, were visitors on Monday at Miss Holter's home here.

Quite a few persons in this vicinity have finished up with their butchering.

Miss Maude Thomas greeted friends and attended to shopping in Bellefonte last Friday.

One day last week William O. Knarr met with an accident that resulted in his sustaining some painful bruises. At that he is fortunate, for he might have lost his life. While he was upon a 35-foot telephone pole it snapped off at the base and he dropped to the ground. His many friends are glad to learn that he is rapidly rounding to and soon will be able to try it again.

John Williams, Russel Wagner and Harry Wetzel were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday.

Sunday Morning Wedding.

At 8.30 o'clock last Sunday morning, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Pleasant Gap, Irvin P. Mulberger and Miss Ruth E. Tressler, both of Bellefonte, R. F. D. No, 3, were united in the bonds of holy wedlock by the pastor, Rev. D. J. Frum. The bride was attended by Miss Margaret Brenner, while the groom's best man was Oly Tressler. The friends of the newly married couple wish them much happiness and prosperity.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Pine Grove Mills.

Asseseor Jacob Harpster is making his rounds, counting the dogs, etc.

Wm. Glenn had two fine Enus killed by dogslast week and a number injured.

Mrs. Sarah Henry departed Saturday for a montn's visit with relatives at Cannonsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Hess spent the early part of the week with her father, whose condition is unchanged.

J. B. Thomas, of Centre Hall, is making repairs to his farm buildings west of town, also piping the water to the house and barn.

Sinus Reish, of Holidaysburg, spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Reish, at Rock Springs.

Miss Etta Kellar, of Philadelphia, spent last week among her friends in the valley.

William Goss is housed up with a badly sprained ankle.

Ray Williams is on the limp, a log having mashed his left foot.

Among the sick are Mrs. Lizzie Kustaborder, suffering from bowel trouble; Luther Miller, with heart trouble, and Mrs. Belle Thomas, who had a stroke of paralysis.

James Hoover departed last Friday for a two weeks' visit among old friends and relatives away down in Tennessee.

W. K. Corl is housed up with a siege of lumbago.

The venerable Peter Corl is among the hunters, the old nimrod being anxious to bring down a deer just to round out the even iorty killed by him in his day.

C. V. Smith is arranging to move to Dixie, to the Peninsula State, and grow up with that country.

The stork was liberal last week, leaving a sweet little girl at the George Fisher home, and a chubby little boy at Homer Walker's.

Mrs. Sadie Heberling and daughter, Estella May, are visiting friends at State College before real winter sets in.

Mrs. P. A. Ward closed her home on East High Street to reside with her daughter, Mrs. Lillie Woomer, on East College Avenue.

Arthur Burwell and family returned from the Badger State, quite certain it is cold enough for comfort in the old Keystone State.

Mrs. Esther Devor, of Lansing, Michigan, is visiting the home of her youth at Fairbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Clara McCormick, of Scranton, are visiting among friends at Pine Hall and State College.

Dr. Ray Gilliland spent last week with his aged mother, who is ill at her home in Snow Shoe. While there he did some gunning for small game and managed to get his share.

E. C. Musser spent the early part of the week in Altoona and visited a number of dairy farms with a view to doing away with some of his cattle.

W. C. and Ed. Frank have purchased the Harry Sunday steam thresher. The deal had been on for some time but was not closed until Monday morning, so that the rig will run on the circuit.

The Roosevelt Club broke camp Tuesday night. The Tyrone crowd, camped above Graysville, came out Tuesday with three fine deer.

The George B. Thompson sale Saturday brought a big crowd of anxious bidders, so that most everything put up commanded fine prices. The sale netted $1850. Three horses not hammered down but sold later at better figures, so that George is perfectly well satisfied with the result.

Blanchard.

Justice of the Peace G. W. Eaton has been appointed general agent for this district for the International Harvester Company. He succeds the late C. W. Cook.

Alfred Lucas has moved his sawmill from the Gummo tract to the Peters tract and is now cutting timber for Bowers & Leathers.

Mrs. Irvin Kunes, one of our former residents, who now resides in Virginia, has been visiting here with Mrs. Mary J. Egan.

Mrs. B. J. Confer and little daughter, of Monument, have been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Mapes, near Beech Creek.

William Everhart Dead.

William Everhart, a well known and highly esteemed citizen of College township, died on Wednesday night of last week from intestinal trouble. Deceased was 68 years old and was a son of Benjamin and Margaret Everhart, who were pioneer settlers on the Branch. He died at the well known Everhart homestead. Mr. Everhart, in 1873, was married to Elizabeth Foster, a daughter of William Foster. She died about one week from the date of her marriage. Surviving Mr. Everhart are two brothers: Robert, a resident of Alexandria, and James, at home.

State College Girl Wedded.

Miss Nellie Ertley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ertley, of State College, and Foster W. Smith, of Bethlehem, were married on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride's parents. They will reside at Bethlehem, where the groom is engaged as an auditor for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. W. H. Williams and children, of Blandburg, are visiting at Adam Cowher's, while Rev. Williams is camping on the mountain.

Mrs. G. A. Williams, of Altoona, is spending some time with her sisters, Misses Florence and Mabel Williams. Her husband is also with the hunting party on the mountain.

Miss Verna Brantly, of Karthaus, is a pleasant guest at Rev. W. B. Cook's.

Mr. Peters, a brother of Mrs. George Shipley, spent Sunday in town.

Quite a number of our people have been suffering from different ailments during the past week. Mrs. Matilda Robison, Miss Vada Daughenbaugh, Jacob Bigelow and Linzy Ross are much improved. George Woodring, near town, is very ill at present and Mrs. George Ammerman was removed to the hospital at Roaring Springs for treatment.

Mrs. W. H. Weston, of Galitzen, spent a day with his mother, Mrs. Lucinda Weston, this week.

Miss Laura Cowher, of Sandy Ridge, Sundayed at the home of her grandfather, Joseph Cowher.

Last Wednesday evening a quiet wedding was solemnized at the M. E. parsonage, the contracting parties being Miss Esther Williams, of Martha, and Mr. Zones, of Julian. Many friends wish them a long and happy life.

Miss Beatrice Patton and two girl friends of Tyrone, were Sunday callers at the former's home here.

Harold Bennett left Tuesday morning for Pittsburg, where he will spend some time, and from there may go to Monroe, Mich. to secure employment.

Miss Minnie Laird, one of our girls, who is teaching in Taylor township, spent Tuesday afternoon in town, due to the fact that fuel was not provided, making it necessary to close the school for a day.

Mr. Roland Miller, of Bellwood, visited for a few days recently at Adam Cowher's.

Mrs. John Robison, with her children, has gone to Trafford City to spend some time.

Miss Mary Wilson, of Stormstown, is now the very efficient housekeeper at the Woodring House.

Mrs. J. M. Williams spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. John McNamara at Rossiter.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger and son Samuel made a visit in Philipsburg during the Institute vacation.

Miss Mildred Williams, who is employed in Altoona, Sundayed with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Williams.

Mrs. John P. Williams is this week moving her family into their recently remodeled home.

Our schools are again open after the annual Institute vacation, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Those comprising the hunting party camped on the mountain during the past two weeks are Rev. W. H. Williams, Rev. G. A. Williams, Porter Woodring and four sons, E. M. Woodring, and A. B. Williams. They have met with little success up to the present time.

A supper will be held by the M. E. church people in the basement of the church, on Thanksgiving. Don't forget to come.

The Baptists are preparing for an entertainment to be given in their church on the night before Thanksgiving, which will make the date Nov. 26th. Everyone is cordially invited to come and enjoy this service.

There will be preaching service in the M. E. church Sunday evening at 7.30. All other services as usual during the day.

A screening walk is being made from High street down to and connecting with the boardwalk on Church street, the cost to be paid by popular subscription. This will well repay the effort. Our town is sadly in need of good walks in several places and some work in that direction would not only make walking much easier, but would greatly enhance the beauty of an otherwise pretty little town.

R. B. Treaster Dead.

Roland B. Treaster died at his late home at Potters Mills on November 10, after being ill but a few hours. He had been in failing health for probably a year, but was about on Monday and feeling all right when he suddenly became ill. A physician was summoned but Mr. Treaster never rallied. Deceased was a son of Jacob Treaster, who was a resident of Potter township. A widow and these children survive: John, at home; Homer, of Yeagertown, and Ernest, of Colyer. A brother, Frank, and a sister, Mrs. James Lee, of Bedford, Iowa, also survive.

Charged With Trespass.

Squire W. H. Musser on Wednesday gave a hearing for three young men by the name of Detrick, from near Hublersburg, charged by William Harshbarger with trespass. They admitted the charge but denied having done any damage. They were discharged after paying costs amounting to $7.70.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

YOU ARE JUDGED

by the paper you use more often than by the thoughts you express in writing.

Buy good writing paper. "Symphony Lawn" "Cascade Linen," "Rexall Store Cabinet" are papers that will give you satisfaction. We have a fine line of Initial Stationery at a low price—When in need of Paper Tablets, Pencils, Ink and Pens it will pay you to give us a call—This stationery is sold only at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Snow Shoe Girl a Bride.

At Altoona on Friday of last week, Miss Marie B Reese, of Snow Shoe, and Professor Theodore B. Shank, of Jeannette, were united in the bonds of holy wedlock, the happy event marking the culmination of a pretty romance. Mr. Shank and his bride have both been engaged as public school teachers, and the friendship which came with their acquaintance in the school room ripened into love and some months ago formal announcement was made of their engagement. The happy bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Reese, of Snow Shoe. She is a former Bellefonte Academy student and a graduate of the Indiana Normal School, class of 1911. She possesses many beautiful traits and is held in high esteem by her friends. Professor Shank is superintendent of the puplic schools at Jeannette. He is a native of Norfolk, Virginia, and ranks high in educational circles.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precpt, bearing date the 13th day of October 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER,

being the first day of December, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

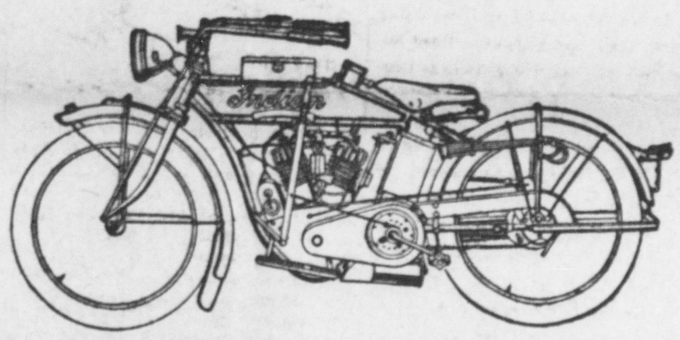
NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the first, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 20th day of October in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
October 20th, 1913.

Read "The Republican $1 a year.

38 Betterments in 1914 Indian Motorcycles



Complete electrification of the motorcycle is successfully accomplished for the first time in the 1914 Indian models, which include an electric starter, electric lights, electric signal, and rear drive speedometer, as the leading features among 38 betterments incorporated in this famous make for the coming season. In addition to being the pioneer exponent of the electrically equipped motorcycle, the Indian also is the first to carry as standard equipment, such a complete assortment of the very latest accessories. By these two tremendous forward steps, the Indian maintains easily its pride of place as the long recognized fashion arbiter of the industry.

The Indian Electric Starter.

In the development of a successful electric starter for arduous motorcycle service, the Indian engineers equalled their great triumph of 1913—the Cradle Spring Frame. The Indian electric starter is a powerful, multipolar type, motor-generator, small, neat and compact. It is mounted on the left side of the engine, and always is connected with it. Therefore, should the rider stall the engine in traffic, or on a crossing, it can instantly be restarted by throwing a switch, which brings the starter into action.

Another decided advantage of the Indian Electric starter is its high operating speed, spinning the engine at 500 r. p. m., so that the latter begins firing very quickly after cranking commences, and effecting a saving in battery current. As soon as the engine begins running, the starter automatically becomes a generator, and renews the energy taken from the batteries, for starting, lighting, signaling and ignition.

The battery equipment consists of two sets of specially constructed, high capacity units. Injury which might be caused by too rapid charging, or overcharging, is prevented by a magnetic current regulator placed in the feed line An automatic cut-out prevents the batteries discharging through the starter. Leakage of battery solution is prevented by special design vents, the construction of which is patented.

The Indian 1914 line consists of seven solo models, a side car and a quick delivery van. All machines will be chain driven, and six models will mount twin engines of seven horse-power. As 90 per cent. of the Indian output of 35,000 machines in 1913 was composed of twins, it is anticipated by the Hendee Manufacturing Company that no less than 98 per cent. of the tremendous output of 60,000 Indians, for 1914 will be required to meet the overwhelming popular demand for twin models. Befitting its name the 1914 Indian will, as usual, be finished in red only.

Other 1914 Improvements.

Other prominent features of the new models are: strengthened frames and forks with drop forged fittings throughout, longer wheelbase, more secure engine fastening, new cam design, giving increase in power, heavier motor shafts and inlet valve rocker arm mechanism, new trussed handlebar with irreversible binder post, heavier driving members of two-speed gear and improved change gear control, larger tires, new padded saddles, new channel steel rear stand, new luggage carrier, new metal tool box with large capacity and spring lock.

Always foremost in the rendering of prompt and efficient mechanical service to Indian owners, the Indian organization has perfected plans whereby Indian users exclusively, wherever they may be located, will enjoy overnight service the coming season. Seven American branches and 2,500 dealers will enable the Indian mounted motorcyclist in 1914 to command 24 hours service, the quickest and most complete ever offered the legions of motorcycledom.

HENRY T. NOLL, Dealer.

Pleasant Gap, Penna.

"Time to Put 'Em On"

is the slogan in our complete Underwear Dep't. And the sentiment is backed up by the great boxes full of just the right weight garments, in everybody's size.

25c. to $2.50
Per Garment.

Blankets

Greatest, warmest, fleeciest stock we have ever seen or heard of. Astrakan wool blankets, California wool blankets, part wool and part cotton blankets, all carefully selected for quality and soundness and moderately priced.

98c. to $6.50 pair

Keep Baby Out of Doors

This is the modern way—the way of health, vigor and appetite. But be sure and have him well wrapped up in warm winter clothing, such as is ready for him in our Infants' Ready-to-wear Dep't.

65 Overcoats at $12.50 Each

Guaranteed to be regular $20.00 value.

Part of a large special purchase of which we have already sold a great many. Very fine Coats that will go quickly.

School Girls

need to snuggle right now into great warm Coats and be well taken care of in good winter Suits. Lot and lots of Coats and Suits for school and driving and party wear in our Young Women's Dep't.

3 W's Ladies' Shoes $2.48

The most wonderful shoe proposition ever offered. A new pair for every pair that fails to give service.

In all leathers and styles. In our ever busy Shoe Dep't.

CRIDER'S EXCHANGE **CLASTER'S** BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Gibson Robbery

A Smart Piece of Detective Work

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Mr. Harley?" inquired the white haired, elderly man, stepping into the private office of the junior member of the law firm.

"I am Rogers," said that young man courteously. "My partner, Mr. Harley, has not yet returned from lunch. Did you wish to see him particularly?"

"No. Either one will do," returned the other hastily. "I was directed here by my friend Dr. Brown. He gave me to understand that your firm did a little detective work now and then."

"Hardly that," returned Rogers, placing a chair for his client and regaining his own seat, "but in the course of our practice we have chanced upon a number of curious cases that we were fortunate enough to unravel. As a matter of fact, we are rather fond of that sort of thing, although it is not a branch of our business."

The visitor frowned thoughtfully for a moment and then looked sharply at the young lawyer.

"In spite of what you say perhaps I can prevail upon you to undertake a delicate matter for me. It is in the line of detective work, but it requires unusual tact, something that the average detective does not possess. This is not the mere shadowing of a suspected party. It is an endeavor to find a thief among a group of people none of whom could possibly be guilty of theft." He leaned back and smiled at Rogers' look of dismay.

"Tough proposition, eh?"

"Rather. It sounds interesting. Without consulting my partner I'll say that we will take it up as a recreation after business hours."

"Done!" returned the visitor heartily. Drawing a cardcase from his pocket, he laid a bit of pasteboard on Rogers' desk and leaned back in his chair.

"My name is Gibson—James Addison Gibson," he said, nodding toward the card, "and my house was robbed last evening of $10,000 worth of jewels."

Rogers sat up in his chair and listened intently.

"It happened at my country home at Shorecliffe. My wife and I were entertaining six friends from Manhattan, all people of refinement and impeccable honesty.

"During the evening Mrs. Gibson mentioned that she had just received a necklace of diamonds as a birthday gift from me, and she brought out the jewel case and displayed the necklace to her friends. It was greatly admired, and I was about to close the case and replace it in my safe in the library when both my wife and myself were summoned to the telephone by an urgent message."

"Was the message really an urgent one?"

"It proved to be an error. There was some mistake about the number, and the Mr. and Mrs. Gibson called for were really my brother and his wife, who lived over on the East road."

"So your absence from the room was really unnecessary?"

"So it appears."

"Did any one enter or leave the room during your absence?"

"I cannot find that any one remembers. I have questioned the servants, and all are unanimous in the protest that they had not entered the room that evening."

"Who brought the message from the telephone?"

"Pun Shah, my Hindu buttler."

Rogers was silent for a long time, and then he asked one more question.

"Did Pun Shah enter the room when he called you and Mrs. Gibson outside, or did he stand in the doorway?"

"He merely stood in the doorway and gave the message."

"May I have the names of the six guests who were present that evening?"

Mr. Gibson nodded.

Rogers drew forth a pencil and notebook. "Please give a brief description of each one as you mention the name, not forgetting to give me the chief characteristics that mark each individual."

"First, there was Rodney Stone, the poet, a dreamy young chap, with his lovely wife, who is quite content to shine in the reflection of his glory.

"Then came Dr. Latimer, a brilliant physician, now driven to death with an immense practice. If he keeps on his present pace without cessation from work he will end in a madhouse. Besides Dr. Latimer, there was Mme. Finelli, the prima donna, who, as you no doubt have heard, possesses an emotional temperament as well as a wonderful voice. Last of all were the Huxfords, father and son, busy Wall street men, almost too fagged out to recollect what the necklace looked like five minutes after my wife had displayed it."

"Those were the six who were alone with the jewels?"

"Yes."

"And they are all unanimous in saying that not one person entered the room during your absence?"

"Yes, although it is singular that Mme. Finelli and Mrs. Rodney Stone both declare that Pun Shah stood in the doorway for a moment and regarded the company rather strangely for a few seconds. Mme. Finelli resented the impertinence and made a gesture of dismissal. After that the man vanished. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers, not one of my six guests can recollect the topic they were discussing when I entered the room and discovered that the diamonds were missing.

"Now, what am I to do? The case is a singular one, and I do not care to call the police into the matter, although the loss is a greater one than I can afford to withstand. The gift to my wife was rather an important matter financially." He smiled ruefully.

Mr. Rogers put up his notebook and donned his hat.

"Where is Pun Shah now, Mr. Gibson?" he asked.

"Down at Shorecliffe, I presume. He was there at noon when I motored up to town."

"Can you take me to Shorecliffe at once?"

"Certainly; my car is at the door."

Rogers dictated a brief message for his partner and left the office with Mr. Gibson. In five minutes they were spinning toward the Thirty-fourth street ferry to Long Island City.

Shorecliffe was a handsome estate on the north shore of the sound, and Mr. Gibson and the young lawyer reached the gates within an hour after leaving Rogers' office.

A grave eyed Hindu in snowy turban admitted them to the house, and Rogers was conscious of a peculiar sensation along his spinal column as he met the man's piercing glance.

He felt in that moment that Pun Shah knew the reason for his coming as well as many other things that he would not divulge.

He followed his host into the library and listened intently while Mr. Gibson pointed out the table where the jewels had lain during his absence at the telephone. The table was between two French windows that opened upon the front veranda.

"Were the windows open last evening?" asked Rogers.

"They were both closed. It was chilly and we were enjoying a fire on the hearth."

Rogers was silent for a long time. His eyes wandered from one spot to another. Once they glimpsed the corner of Pun Shah's snowy turban outside the door, and again he was sure that the man's jetty eyes were regarding him from a heavily beaded curtain that separated the library from a smaller adjoining study.

"Well, Mr. Rogers, I am wondering if you exonerate all my friends. My theory does not permit of suspicion pointing to one of them," remarked Mr. Gibson at last.

"My theory, Mr. Gibson, is that all your six guests were accessory to the deed."

"What? My dear sir"—

"Wait a moment, sir. I did say that they were accessories to the deed, but it was quite unconsciously so on their part. Have you several strong men on the place, men whom you can trust?"

"Yes. There is Baker, the gardener, with his assistants, besides my chauffeur and the second man, four altogether. Why, may I ask?"

"Please summon them to this room, and after that," continued Rogers in a low tone, "have the man, Pun Shah, sent in."

Mr. Gibson smiled grimly. "So that's it, is it? I couldn't see how the rascal had a chance. Excuse me, if you please, while I send for the men."

He left the room and Rogers waited there alone. Presently he heard a stealthy footstep behind his chair and a hot breath on his neck. He jumped just in time to escape the wicked knife of Pun Shah, whose dark face was convulsed with anger.

Rogers had whipped out a revolver, and so the two were standing facing each other when Mr. Gibson returned with his four servants.

"What is this, Pun Shah?" demanded his master quickly, but the man only bowed his head in silence.

"Your man was about to kill me," said Rogers coolly, "because I have discovered that he is the one who stole your diamonds."

"Is it possible? Pun Shah, what have you to say?"

The Hindu fastened a look of deadly hatred on the young lawyer and, snatching off his turban, drew from its folds the string of diamonds that had so mysteriously disappeared. He flung the ornaments on the floor at his master's feet and with a swift, gliding movement vanished from the room.

No one made a movement to follow, and an instant later they saw the flicker of his white turban as he disappeared down the driveway.

Mr. Gibson dismissed his servants with a gesture, dropped the string of diamonds in his coat pocket, and faced Rogers.

"How did you fasten the crime upon Pun Shah so quickly? I had evidence that no one saw him enter the room, and"—

Rogers put up a hand. "It is easily explained. Your butler possesses unusual hypnotic powers. He simply hypnotized the six guests in your drawing room, took the diamonds from beneath their noses and disappeared. They might have been puzzled by the incident which made them accomplices in his crime, but they were quite innocent of any wrongdoing. In fact, they didn't know what had happened after he left the room."

Mr. Gibson sat down and drew his check book toward him.

"This is such a gratifying exhibition of your cleverness, Mr. Rogers, that I must show my appreciation in a substantial way. Here is a check for $1,000. Shall I make it out to you personally or to your firm?"

"To Harley & Rogers," said the junior partner dizzily. "Harley ought to have something to make up for losing the fun of this job."

Gustav Schreiber's Music Box

An Attempt to Produce Human Feeling Automatically.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a Swiss chalet looking out on Lake Leman, directly below, and on Mont Blanc, in the distance, lived a musical instrument maker. His workshop was near his house, and all day he worked at making those little mechanical contrivances in which steel prongs are made to discourse melodies by means of a revolving cylinder.

Gustav Schreiber gradually increased the size and scope of his instruments, constantly endeavoring to make a better one than any he had yet made, and when he had done so setting out again to make a still more exact one. In this he displayed a human trait which, when kept within bounds, is a valuable one, but which uncontrolled is liable to produce bad results.

Schreiber in his old age set about making a music box which was to be far more wonderful than any he had yet produced. It was to play a dozen different melodies. Each melody was to be a gem and be rendered with a sweetness, a strength or a rapture equal to that of a human being. In order to accomplish this he must have the pieces he used played by a musician whose touch, expression—indeed, all those qualities that go to make up perfection in music—were of the highest order.

The old man found such a one in his daughter, Hilda. She was noted far and wide for her rendering of all kinds of music, from that portraying a cascade to that descriptive of the storm wind.

Schrieber kept Hilda playing for him, first trying to produce in his box delicate airs, and, failing in this, he tried different kinds, hoping to succeed better in one kind than another; but,

EVERY DAY SHE WAS OBLIGED TO PLAY FOR HIM.

though he secured some remarkable results, still there was something in Hilda's rendition of every piece that he could not reproduce mechanically. So fretted did the girl become that at last her power of expression deserted her and her music, instead of partaking of human feeling, became mechanical like the airs rendered by the box. Then the old man began to curse and swear at her, and at last, seizing her violin, brought it down on an iron lathe and broke it in pieces. Hilda fled to the house, where her sobs and cries reached the neighbors, one of whom, a woman, cried out:

"The devil take old Schreiber's music box! He will drive poor Hilda into bedlam."

Schreiber heard the woman say, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box!" and she had scarcely spoken the words when his gate clicked and, looking out through the open door, he saw a man walking up the steep path that led to the shop with a step as light as if he had wings at his ankles.

The stranger came straight up to Schreiber and with a smile—a singular smile, Schreiber thought—bade him good morning and said that he would like to buy one of his music boxes. Schreiber, making an effort to throw off his trouble, showed the man all the boxes in the shop, making each one play a tune, but none of them was good enough for the would be purchaser. At last the latter asked about the box under process of construction, and this led to his getting the whole story from the maker.

The stranger examined the box carefully, then said:

"You have an excellent mechanism here and should succeed in making what you have attempted. I am quite sure that I can do what you have failed to accomplish."

"You! Are you a mechanic?"

"I am."

"Very well. Take the box and do with it what you like. I have had enough of it."

"My dear fellow, do you suppose I would take something for nothing? That is a human business trait which is beneath me. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will complete your music box for you, and when it is finished it shall belong to you."

"That is very kind of you. Where will you do your work on it?"

"Right here, where the tools are handy."

"Will you work all day?"

"I shall work when the spirit moves me. A man cannot write poetry when he has a toothache nor compose harmonies when he is asleep. I may work in the morning or the evening or at the dead of night. It does not concern you or any one else when I work. But one thing you must remember—when I am at work I don't wish to be disturbed. If any one does so I shall not take it kindly."

There was a malignant look in the stranger's eyes when he said this that frightened the old mechanic and made him feel like saying a paternoster. He promised that the man should not be disturbed. Then the stranger said he must go, and Schreiber, locking the door of his shop, gave him the key, and he went down the declivity as lightly as he had come up. Schreiber called to him, asking when he would come again, but the only reply was a faint echo, "Come again?"

"That's singular," remarked Schreiber to himself. "I've lived here man and boy sixty years, and that's the first echo I ever heard. There are no hills nearer than the other side of the lake to send it back."

A week passed and nothing was heard or seen of the stranger. There was only one key to the shop, and Schreiber could not get into it without breaking down the door. But he had no desire to go there; he had wearied of trying to produce human harmonies on a mechanical contrivance.

One night there came from the shop sounds of music, not of a violin or a flute or any instrument that requires a human touch, but a music box. Yet there was nothing mechanical about it. Indeed, it was full of feeling. It was low and sweet, a lullaby. At times it would rise in a plaintive crescendo, then gradually sink, softly, as it had risen.

Schreiber rose up in his bed and listened.

"Father," came a voice at his door, "do you hear the music? Isn't it delicious?"

Schreiber saw something white and knew it was Hilda in her nightgown.

"Yes; the stranger must have been working on the music box and is trying it. I wonder how he has done it."

"Let us go out to the shop and see."

"No, no, my child; he distinctly said that he must not be interrupted. Go to bed."

The music ceased and Hilda went back to her room. Then suddenly came a burst of melody entirely unlike what had gone before. It seemed as if it were intended to incite men to deeds of glory. There was a fierceness in it that the Schreibers had never heard before. It seemed as if an army were about to march to its death, dealing death in dying. Hilda ran into her father's room and to his bed, where she remained locked in his arms, the two trembling as if they were about to be slaughtered between opposing hosts.

The music ceased and all was still for some time, when it recommenced. This time it was a dirge, sad, regretful, the wail of a broken heart. The girl clung to her father till it ceased, when she broke into a hysterical sobbing such as she had given way to when her father had broken her violin.

One more piece came in this nocturnal concert, a piece that made the old man wonder how it could be produced on so circumscribed an instrument. At first a faint, low muttering was heard, then a gradually increasing roar, then shrieks mingled with deafening thunder.

"It is the storm wind," said Schrieber, holding his daughter closely to him.

The sounds increased—musical sounds interpreting a tempest—until it seemed that all the devils in hell had been let loose. The commotion ended with one vivid flash of real lightning and a crash of actual thunder. Then all was again still as the grave.

"Something tells me that the climax has been reached," said Schreiber to Hilda. "Neither human nor divine power could go further. We shall hear no more. Go back to bed."

Hilda, trembling, went to her room, but in a few moments called:

"Father, the shop is afire. Come to my room. You can see it through the window."

The old man ran as hastily as his trembling legs would carry him and saw his shop shooting forth flames. There was a lurid glare in it that he had never seen in a fire before. Every tongue of flame hissed like that of a serpent, and a sulphurous odor came in through the open window.

For more than an hour the old man and his daughter watched the burning. As it died down there were fitful flashes, like temporary recoveries from some dying beast. At last all was still, and father and daughter went back to bed.

There are various explanations given of the matter by those living near Gustav Schreiber. Some say that the bolt that occasioned the loss of his shop was sent from heaven to punish him for trying to produce human feeling on an automatic instrument, others that he had worked long enough and he would never have stopped had not his shop been burned. There are also those who blame his neighbor for saying, "The devil take old Schrieber's music box," averring that Satan took her at her word.

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ROCHESTER NURSES INSTITUTE 87 INSTITUTE BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Gladstone's Taste In Sermons.

Gladstone, who never omitted attending service twice every Sunday, had his own idea of what a sermon should be like and the effect it should have upon its hearers. Sir Algernon West records that one morning, coming from the Chapel Royal, the G. O. M. "exclaimed against a very beautiful sermon of Mr. White's, of the Savoy, 'because,' he said, 'he has excited my brain by his quotations and given me anything but the rest which is what I want and expect to find in church.'"

Food For a Poet.

"I have a vague but persistent yearning for something," murmured the poet—a constant yearning for something. I know not what."

"Maybe it's tripe," suggested the sympathetic landlady. "We haven't had any in a long time."—Washington Herald.

Military Gymnasts.

Japanese soldiers are nearly all gymnasts and every barrack has a gymnasium. So well trained are they that in less than half a minute they can scale a wall fourteen feet high by simply leaping on each other's shoulders, one man sustaining two or three others.

Telescopes and Forest Fires.

Forest officers have found that high power telescopes are not always satisfactory in fire lookout work. In some localities heat vibrations in the atmosphere are so magnified by the glass that clearer vision can be had with the unaided eyes.

Cigar Boxes.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through nineteen processes before it is ready to receive the cigar.

Seeking to establish himself, the true man establishes others; wishing to enlarge himself, he enlarges others.—Confucius.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted LeRoy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitute. Advt.

"Waverly" Prices

76 Gasoline (73deg.-76deg.) - 20c
Spec. Gasoline (68deg-70deg) 18c
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Auto Gasoline (60deg-62deg) 14c
Family Favorite Oil, 150deg. - 9c
Pittsburg Lamp Oil, 150deg. 7½c

All f.o.b. Pittsburg, with extra charge for wood or steel barrels.

All refined products from Pennsylvania Crude Oil.

Waverly Oil Works Co.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

SERIOUS ERROR IN BELLEFONTE

Bellefonte Citizens Will Do Well to Profit by the Following.

Many fatal cases of kidney disease have reached an incurable stage because the patient did not understand the symptoms. Even today in Bellefonte there are many residents making the same serious error. They attribute their mysterious aches and pains to overwork, or worry, perhaps when all the time their rheumatic pains, backache and bladder irregularities are most probably due to weak and ailing kidneys. If you are ill, if your kidneys are out of order, profit by this Bellefonte resident's experience.

Mrs. James Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Some years ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co. and was cured of kidney complaint and backache that had caused me no end of suffering. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I now take pleasure in confirming that endorsement. The cure Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."

Mrs. Rine is only one of many Bellefonte people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Rine had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Stop That Itch!

I will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

No remedy that I have ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than the

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema

I guarantee this remedy.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have **indigestion** or any **STOMACH, LIVER** or **KIDNEY** trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of **SEVEN BARKS,** the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, **SEVEN BARKS** will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address **LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.**

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

A Big Bundle of Currency

is a pretty dangerous thing to display or to be known to be about you. But a check book of this institution is never a temptation to violence. It is of no use except to the owner. Why not carry such a check book instead of the dangerous cash. Some murdered men would still be living if they had followed that prdential plan.

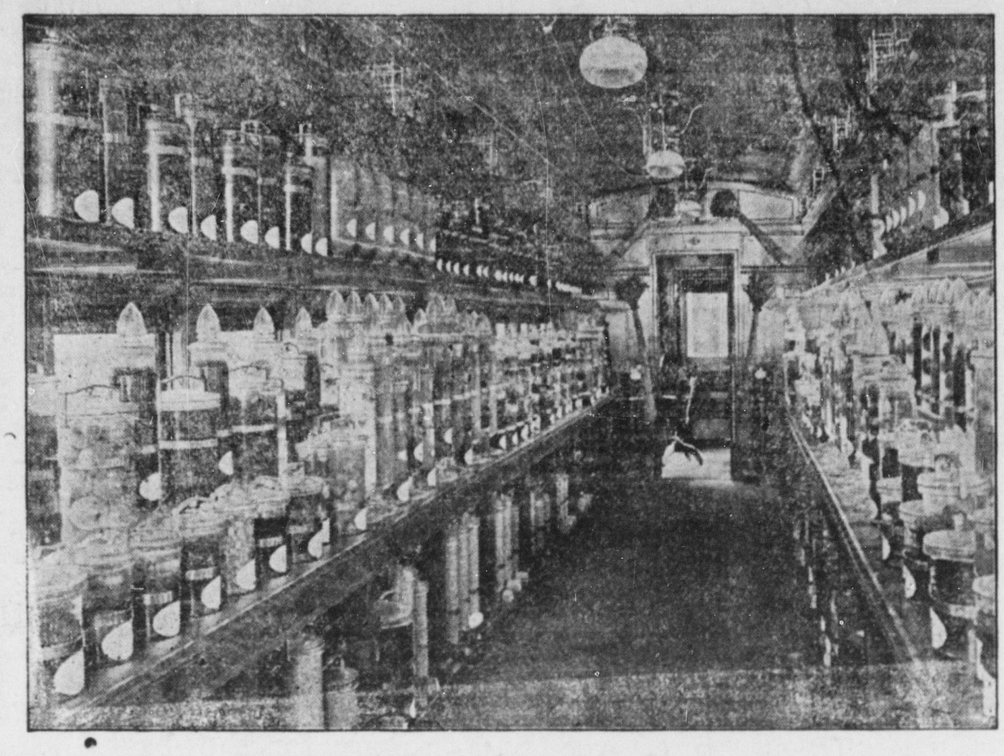
Bellefonte Trust Company.
Allegheny Street, - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

INTERESTING EXHIBIT

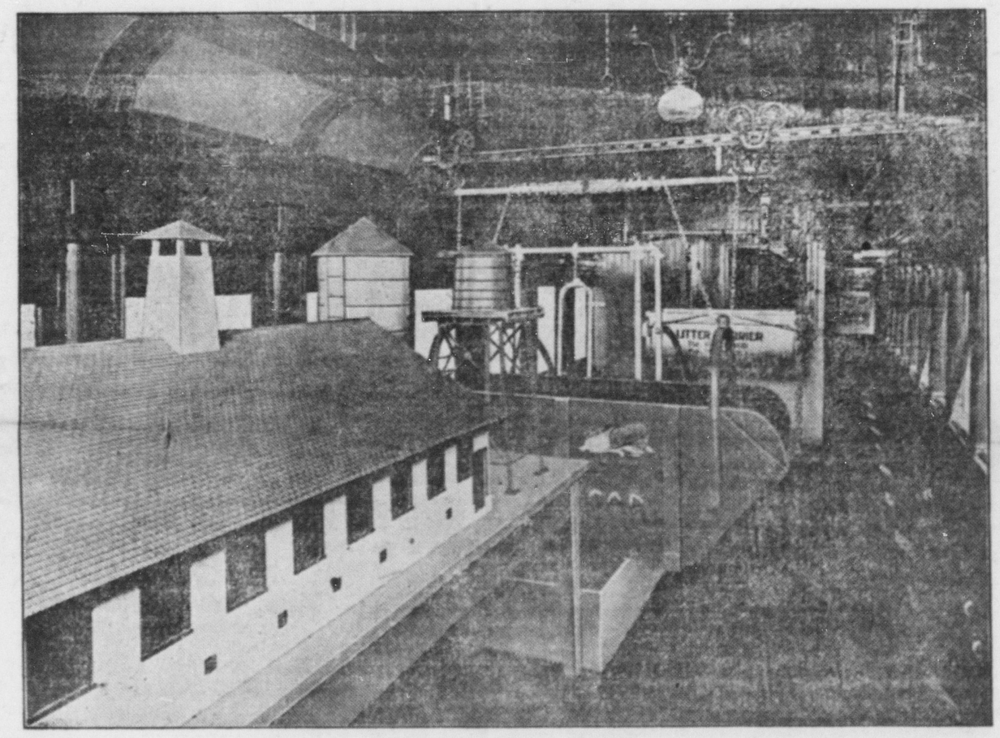
P. R. R. Agricultural Demonstration Cars Attract Large Crowd.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's instruction cars for farmers and others were in Bellefonte on Monday and Tuesday and were visited by hundreds of persons, many of whom were afforded their first opportunity to observe the wonderful variety and splendid quality of Pennsylvania land products. These products represented the finest grades of grain, the choicest specimens of fruits and a bewildering array of vegetables. So far beyond expectation was the exhibit that many persons were led to remark that they never before knew that Pennsylvania produced such a variety of grain, fruit and vegetables.

H. S. Lippincott, agriculturist for the Pennsylvania Railroad, was in charge of the agricultural exhibit car. The exhibit of Pennsylvania products, it should be explained, recently took first prize at the national land products exhibit at Madison Square Garden, New York. The other car was in charge of Elkins Nathans milk agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad. This car contained modern dairy appliances in use in a number of large and up-to-date barns. One exhibit was a model barn, provided with concrete feeding troughs, stanchions for cattle, feed and litter boxes moved by overhead cranes, etc. Another feature was a model of an ice house, everything arranged to simplify the handling of milk and at the same time enable the dairyman to keep accurate records of the daily product.



Car Showing Pennsylvania Products.



Car With Modern Dairy Farm Appliances.

200 ARE PAROLED

Convicts to be Brought Here to Work of Prison Pallor.

Friday of last week the board of parole of the Western Penitentiary passed upon applications for upward of 200 prisoners. Of this number 150 applications were made by prisoners under the new parole act of 1913, which was passed by the last Legislature and signed by Gov. John K. Tener July 19. This was the first official action taken by the board under the new parole act.

Since the prisoners have been recommended for parole by the board and when their paroles are passed by the State Board of Pardons and signed by the governor, it is the intention of Warden John Francies of the Western Penitentiary to remove the men to the new penitentiary site in Centre county, where they may recuperate from prison life until such time as they desire to leave. This latter course is an innovation, and is being inaugarated personally by Warden Francies.

Under the general parole law of 1911, prisoners in the penitentiary at the time of its passage were not affected. In other words, the 1911 parole law was not retroactive. There were about 900 prisoners in the Pittsburgh penitentiary who were not eligible to parole under its provisions.

But the new act of 1913 is more of a supplement to the 1911 law, and allows these older prisoners a chance. The supplementary act provides that all prisoners who were sentenced prior to July 1, 1911, who have served one-third or more of their sentence or sentences, are eligible to parole.

The prisoners whose applications come up before the Board of Parole at this time are those who have 15, 20, 25 and as high as 30-year sentences. These men have served one-third and in some cases much more of their sentences.

In granting or refusing parole to the old men their records will be especially taken into consideration.

While there were 900 prisoners in the Western Penitentiary at the passage of the 1911 parole law whom this act did not affect, there remain about 200 to whom the new supplementary act of 1913 will apply. Of this number about 150 applications will be considered at the next meeting of the board of parole, and the remainder will come up at later meetings.

To act upon the petitions, or applications for parole, will require the board several days. Beside the 150 applications of the longer sentence men, the board will have to pass upon from 25 to 50 applications of shorter term prisoners, This it does each month.

It is Warden Francies' intention to bring the prisoners obtaining parole direct to the new penitentiary site at Rock View, six miles from Bellefonte. Here the warden believes the men will get a chance to lose their prison pallor in a few weeks. They will be put on their honor, and not placed under strict restraint.

They will be allowed to work on the improvement of the grounds and in connection with the erection of the new penitentiary buildings. Besides the temporary penitentiary which is a large stone house, Warden Francies has arranged to give up his personal quarters to the paroled men.

After the men have worked outdoors for a time and have had plenty of exercise and been given the best of food and attention, they will be given their freedom, but some responsible person must report regularly as to their progress and whether they are obeying their parole promises.

Since the 1911 parole law went into effect, over 400 men have been paroled from the Western Penitentiary. But 60 have violated their paroles. Fifteen have been returned to the penitentiary from other states, and but three and a half per cent are at large, their whereabouts being unknown to the prison officials.

Of the 60 prisoners taken from the Pittsburgh institution to work on the new penitentiary, only one has tried to escape, and he was captured the following day.

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To learn the auto business and take an agency.

You can make from $18 to $50 a week driving, selling or repairing cars. We will teach you in a few weeks in your own home to be an expert automobile man, and get you an agency for a high grade car. We have been established five years, and have over 6000 successful graduates. Write at once for free booklet which gives full information.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 24 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Advt. 4t.

Billious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure billous attacks. 25 cent at any drug store.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman." —Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

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Railway Mail Clerks Wanted

The Government pay Railway Mail Clerks $900 to $1800 and other employees up to $2,500 annually.

Uncle Sam will soon hold examinations throughout the county for Postal Employees, Custom House Clerks, Stenographers, Book-keepers, Departments Clerks and other Government positions. The Postmaster General estimates that there will be seven hundred and fifty million parcel post packages carried next year which means thousands of appointments will be made. Any man or woman over 18, in City and Country have an equal chance for a job. Free information will be furnished by the BUREAU of INSTRUCTION 87 WISNER BLDG ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lt 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last fall with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home —about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

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Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes it instantly takes the sting out of corns Itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, thing feet. Try it to pay. Sold every where 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

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Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture Send for prospectus.
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You can get for the money. Then see

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for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

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The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not, the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10. 0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.56	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

All coats and suits reduced to cost a A-I-K-E-N-S.— Adv.

George Robb's big butchering is scheduled for December 3d.

Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis returned home from Philadelphia on Sunday night, last.

George Waite, Jr., who is employed in the shops at Renovo, was home over Sunday.

Mrs. George Strong, of Lock Haven, was the guest of Mrs. Nora Shelden on Tuesday.

Mrs. Hattie Kurtz entertained with flinch at the Brockerhoff House on Tuesday evening.

William Tressler and son Tom returned on Saturday from a hunting trip to Clearfield County.

Miss Adeline Olewine entertained a small party of friends with a 500-party on Tuesday evening.

Jack Lane spent Sunday in Howard, in attendance of the confirmation services in the Howard Catholic church.

A marriage license was issued recently at Clearfield to John Confer and Miss Elizabeth Cox, both of Blanchard.

Miss Grace Dubbs returned home this week, after a very pleasant visit with friends in Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward Garman and Mrs. Rebie Cruse will entertain with cards tonight at the former's home on East High Street.

William Doll went to Williamsport last Saturday to accompany home Mrs. Doll, who had been visiting there for several weeks.

Mrs. Claire B. Williams, of Jersey City, is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lyon, having arrived last Saturday.

Miss Helen Ceader departed on Tuesday for a week's visit with Mrs. Charles K. Rath, in Elizabeth, N. J., and also with friends in New York.

Miss Jean Wallis, of Crafton, and Miss Rebecca Jacobs, of Mifflintown who were here for the Wallis-Conley wedding, returned to their homes this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Houser and little son, of Brisbin, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday night for a brief visit with Mr. Houser's father, William Houser.

Mrs. A. C. Thomas, of near Stormstown, returned home on Monday, after a delightful visit of three weeks in New York with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Daly.

William H. Walker, who has been on the street carnival circuit all summer, returned home last week and at once made arrangements to resume his oyster and fish business.

Leroy and Francis Rearick, of Lewisburg, are visiting at the home of Mrs William Crawford, at Coleville. Mrs. Crawford is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Edward McKinney, at Snow Shoe.

The Gettig-Gentzel hunting party returned home last week without any deer. They saw several but could not get close enough to them to get results. Last year the same party returned home with two deer.

David H. Crosby, of Philipsburg, and Miss Elizabeth A. Rummel, of Mt. Union were married at the latter place on Wednesday evening of last week. A large number of guests from Philipsburg were in attendance.

W. O. Dougherty, of Lemont, was a caller at "The Republican" office on Monday, As noted in another column, Mr. Dougherty is offering a house for sale, which will be of interest to prospective purchasers.

W. H Austin, of Blanchard, was in town last week in attendance upon the annual meeting of the Centre County School Directors' Association. While here he was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office.

A new schedule on the Pennsylvania Railroad will become effective November 30th. It is understood there will be slight changes on some of the Tyrone division trains. The schedule has thus far not been made public.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes leave today for Sweet Briar College to attend the exercises of the senior class, at which the members make their first appearance in cap and gown. Their daughter, Miss Ellen, is a member of the class.

Miss Isabella Jenkins, of Milton, and Roy Birchard, of Lewisburg, were married last Saturday at Harrisburg by Rev. B. H. Hart. They will reside in Lewisburg. The bride is a grand-daughter of Mrs. E. S. Dorworth, of this place.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton recently received 5,000 Red Cross Christmas seals, which she is offering for sale personally and through various assistants. The proceeds are to be devoted to the anti-tuberculosis fund.

Turkeys are reported to be unusually plentiful, but for some unexplained reason the price is said to be just about what it was when they were scarce. Hunters report seeing more tame turkeys this year than at any time in the last four or five years.

Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker will leave on Tuesday, next, to join her daughter, Martha, in Philadelphia, where they will attend the Thanksgiving Day football game and then go to New York to witness the game between the teams from Annapolis and West Point.

Mrs. Julia Walsh entertained with cards on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John P. Lyon entertained with cards a few evenings ago.

Mrs. Archibald Allison entertained with flinch on Tuesday evening.

A second child of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Knisely is ill with scarlet fever.

A number of Tyrone men will give a week-end party at the Country Club.

Mrs. J. Coburn Rogers entertained with cards on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Blanchard returned home on Saturday, last, from New York.

Mrs. James C. Furst has as her guest, her sister, Miss Mabel Harrar, of Williamsport.

Frank Shugert was taken to the Bellefonte hospital last Saturday to undergo an operation.

Miss Alice Wilson entertained with cards on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week.

Miss Rachel Knox, of Buffalo, N. Y., is very ill at the home of Mrs. Payne, on Reynolds Avenue.

Mrs. Fred Robison, of State College, was a shopping visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Bellefonte High School defeated the Clearfield High School football eleven, 6—0, last Friday.

Mrs. Sadie Miller, of Altoona, recently spent several days with friends in Bellefonte and State College.

Miss Emma Aiken will depart on Wednesday of next week to visit over Thanksgiving Day with Miss Blanche Breill.

The annual Home Mission Day services will be held in the Reformed church on Sunday morning, next, at 11 o'clock.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads returned home on Sunday night from New York, where she had been visiting for some time.

Carl Wallece returned home from Renovo the latter part of last week and will likely remain in Bellefonte for the winter.

An Italian sustained a fractured leg in an accident at the Humes quarries on Tuesday. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital.

The ladies of the Reformed church will hold their annual Thanksgiving Market in Petrikin Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Miss Helen McClure will leave on Wednesday of next week for Reading, at which place she will enter the hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Mrs. James B. McClain and child, who have been guests of the former's mother, Mrs. J. L. Spangler, have returned to their home at Spangler.

Owing to illness in the pastor's family, the services of the Reformed church next Wednesday night will be transferred to the Presbyterian church.

By unanimous request of the Session of the Presbyterian church, the pastor, Dr. Hawes, will preach on Sunday morning, next, on the local temperance situation.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club will be held on Monday evening, next, at 7.30 o'clock in the High School building. The subject for discussion will be full of suggestions for the coming Christmas season.

The home of Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt was placed under quarantine on Wednesday evening. Dr. Schmidt's son, William, has developed a case of scarlatina in a mild form. While the house is under quarantine Dr. Smith will be compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties.

Under the auspices of the Epworth League, the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a series of evangelistic services, beginning Sunday, November 30th, and continuing to the following Sunday. The pastor, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, will be assisted on the several nights by out-of-town ministers, and careful preparations are in progress to make the week one of special interest and profit. To all a cordial and earnest invitation to attend is extended.

Shell Oysters and Fresh Fish.

William H. Walker this week reopened his stand in the Bush House block, next door to the Adams Express Co. office, and now has on hand a first class line of shell oysters and fresh fish. Oysters received direct from beds and are always fresh. Opened as desired and delivered to any part of town. He is prepared to fill orders for families, hotels, clubs, dinners, etc. Handles shell oysters exclusively, large and small. An especially fine lot for Thanksgiving week. Place your orders early. Commercial phone.

Motor Cycles for 1914.

We call your special attention to the advertisement inserted in this week's paper of Henry T. Noll, of Pleasant Gap, who handles this popular line of motor cycles. He is also fully equipped to take care of all repair business. He respectfully solicits repair work in this line Call and get a free demonstration of the 1914 models, or write Mr. Noll for catalogue, advising him when it will be convenient for him to call and demonstrate.

Billious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure billious attacks. 25 cent at any drug store.

Reap "The Republican $1 a year in advadce.

A Real Genius.

"What kinder a feller is Pete Doolittle?"

"Bright as a dollar, patient, an' a hard worker."

"Why, he can't hold a job fer more'n a week, an' I hear his family ain't got enough to live on."

"Sho; that may be, but what's that got to do with it? You see that meerschaum pipe o' his'n? Colored it himself. You see that there hosshair watch chain he wears? Braided it himself. Notice the peach stone charm hangin' to it? Carved it himself, an' it took two months to finish. See that houn' dawg he's got? Pete trained that dawg to do everything a circus dawg kin do. Ever hear Pete play on the mouth harp an' accompany himself on the gittar? Taught himself. Ever see his handwritin'? Jest like copperplate, all shaded an' flourished, an' he kin make a swan without takin' his pen fr'm the paper. Pete may not keep a job or feed his fam'ly, but he's a genius—that's what he is!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Presence of Mind.

Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") once told the following story of one of his comrades of the plains known as Wild Bill:

"A man who nursed a grudge against Wild Bill swore to kill him. He stood concealed in a doorway, stepped out and confronted Bill as the latter passed and leveled a pistol at his head.

"'I've got you now, Wild Bill,' he said, 'and I'm going to kill you, but I'll give you one minute to pray!'

"'Well,' said Bill with an easy smile, 'it does look like the jig's up!'

"Suddenly Bill peered over the man's shoulder and waved a deprecatory hand.

"'Don't hit him, Andy!' he said.

"The man wheeled to protect himself from the supposed enemy in his rear. He gazed into empty space. There was no Andy nor any one else behind him, and before he could turn round again Wild Bill had killed him."

The Wild Boar.

The wild boar is a most courageous animal. The element of luck counts for a great deal in pig sticking, as in most other forms of sport, and it often happens that the foremost sportsman who by dint of hard riding or thanks to the fastest horse has come up with the quarry is deprived of the coveted honor of "first spear" by a sudden "jink" or turn of the pig. The boar, in spite of his clumsy appearance, is not only possessed of a great turn of speed, but is extraordinarily active. He will turn and twist like a hare, putting every obstacle in the shape of bushes, rocks, water, etc., between himself and his pursuers, but all the time making for the nearest patch of jungle and safety. The pace after a pig is faster than the best of runs with hounds, but is sooner over.

Canned Music In Scotia.

Early in the last century an old Forfarshire lady installed in the bedroom corridor of her castle an automatic organ. It was her delight of a morning to wake her guests with its strains. But it was not the delight of one of them, Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton, to be so awakened, and she said so.

"Ye dinna like the music? Ye shouldna say that, Sophy," said the hostess. "Ye'll no' win to heaven an' ye dinna take pleasure in music. It's to be all music there, ye know."

"'Deed," said the incorrigible one, "an' if heaven's a place wi' auld wives playin' on hand organs at 6 o'clock in the mornin' it's no the place I tak' it for, nor yet the place I want to be in."—New Witness.

Handel In Dublin.

There was a period of his life in which Handel, the famous composer, retired from London in a fit of disgust. He went to Dublin, and it was there—in the Dublin Music hall—that his great masterpiece, "The Messiah," was produced. "The performance," writes D. A. Chart, "was for the benefit of Mercer's hospital. In order to provide room for a large audience ladies were requested to lay aside their hoops and gentlemen their swords. By this means an audience of 700 was crowded into the space, and the concert realized £400."

Oblong Houses.

Square and oblong houses are cheaper to build than odd shaped structures. The oblong house is cheaper than the square. Timbers come in certain lengths, and the house that is long and narrow takes less timber than one that is square—that is to say, the material cuts to better advantage in the oblong house than in the square house; also less labor is involved in the making.—Pictorial Review.

Wasted Sarcasm.

Indignant Wife—I wonder what you would have done if you had lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Indolent Husband—I should have started a little notion store and sold handkerchiefs.—Chicago Tribune.

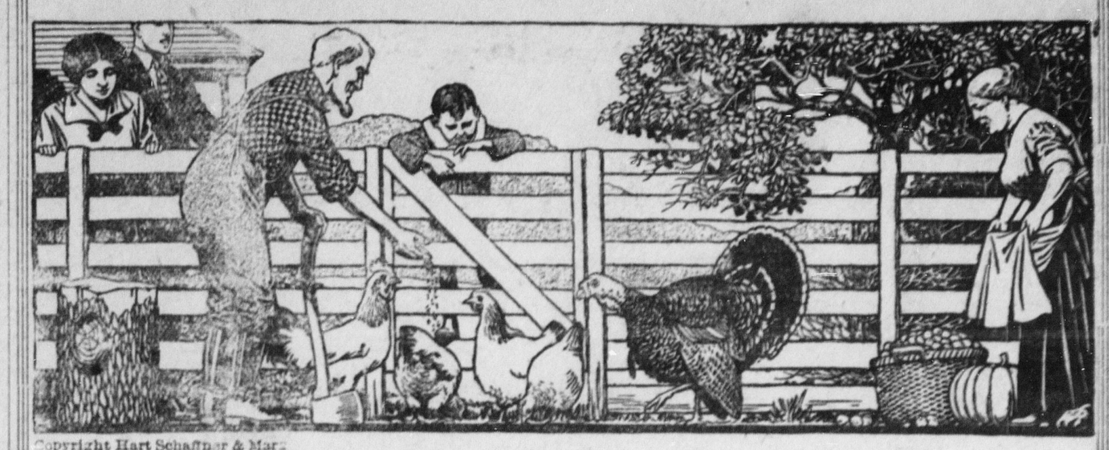
Flattering Epitaphs.

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking in a churchyard with his sister and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

Woman's Triumph.

Before she is married a woman's idea of triumph is a man; after marriage her notion of great achievement is to get him to go to church.—Atchison Globe.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.



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Thanksgiving Clothes.

You know what's coming; the annual feast day is almost here; the bird is prepared to do his part. You can probably manage it successfully, but we suggest you leave the "dressing" to us.

THE SIM STORES

Are Headquarters for the best Things for Men & Young Men

These stores are headquarters for the best things to wear for men and young men. In clothes we offer the latest and most approved fashions; new wears, new colors, new designs; the best of all wool fabrics, the finest tailoring and fit guaranteed. In everything else men wear--shirts, hats, hosiery, underwear, gloves, neckwear; all the large and small things of dress--these stores are headquarters. You'll find them here; the kind of clothes you'll be glad to wear for Thanksgiving day, for any day; the kind you can be thankful for.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

Bellefonte State College.

Hickey-Freeman-Quality

THANKSGIVING DAY

November 27th.

Your Thanksgiving Dinner will be well-dressed but how about the diner--meaning you?

If you feel thankful on November 27th, why not look it? You'll be the picture of appreciation in one of our hand-tailored, ready-to-wear suits.

LET US SERVE YOU-

Montgomery & Co.